VOL. XXXIV FEBRUARY, 1912 No. 6

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

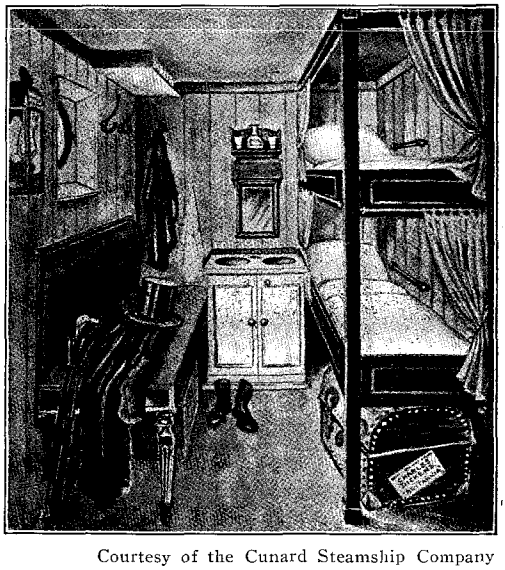
"Nil Nisi Bonum"

We have received a number of letters asking us what we think of the New York *Sun* as it has been since January 1, 1912. We have nothing whatever to say on the subject for reasons which are summed up in one of the oldest and tritest of Latin proverbs.

Travel in 1842

Not the least interesting feature of W. Glyde Wilkins's *Charles Dickens in America*, which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is the itinerary of the novelist's first visit to this country in 1842. We do not believe that the average reader at all understands how vast the changes have been, and what travelling meant in this country seventy years ago. It is all very well to talk of stage coaches in the seventeenth century requiring thirteen days to make the journey from London to Edinburgh, or of the amount of fatigue, effort, and time needed to travel from New York to Philadelphia in the years before the American Revolution. But 1842 belongs to the era of steam. Yet Dickens, journeying leisurely from Boston to New York—now a matter of five hours—was eight days on the way. On February 5th he left Boston for Worcester, spending the next day in that city as a guest of Governor Davis. The morning of the 7th he left Worcester for Hartford, Connecticut, travelling by way of Springfield. He passed three days in Hartford, leaving there the afternoon of the 11th, and reaching New Haven that night. The morning of the 12th he left New Haven by the boat for New York, arriving in the metropolis the following day.

On Sunday, March 6th Dickens left New York in the morning and arrived at Philadelphia in the evening. Three days later another full day's journey conveyed him to Washington. On the 16th he left Washington for Richmond, reaching the latter city the evening of the following day. Returning to Baltimore



Courtesy of the Cunard Steamship Company

THE STATEROOM WHICH CHARLES DICKENS OCCUPIED ON THE "BRITANNIA" WHEN HE CAME TO AMERICA IN 1842

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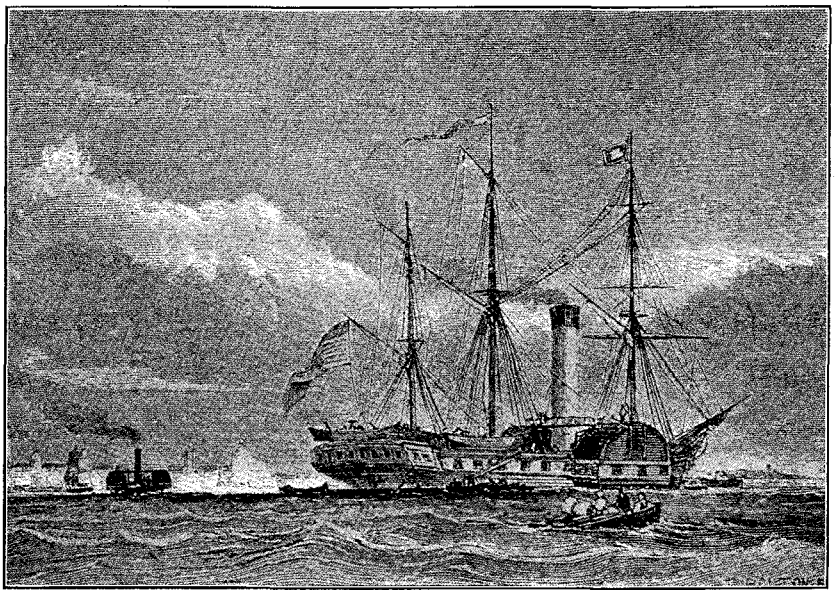

From a painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

THE CUNARD LINE STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA," IN WHICH DICKENS SAILED TO AMERICA IN 1842

the journey again required two days and a night. Thence he went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, leaving early in the morning, and arriving at his destination at 6:30 in the evening. From Harrisburg he proceeded to Pittsburgh by a canal boat, a matter of five days, six and a half hours. On the first of April he left Pittsburgh for Cincinnati on the steamer *Messenger*. Cincinnati was reached on the morning of April 4th. In comparison with the preceding stages of his tour the journey from Cincinnati to Louisville was made with astonishing quickness, Dickens leaving in the morning and arriving at midnight the same day. The trip from Louisville to St. Louis consumed three days and eight hours. On the way he passed the town of Cairo, Illinois, which was to serve as a model for Eden in those depressing chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The return from St. Louis to Cincinnati was accomplished in the space of five days. From Cincinnati he proceeded to Columbus by stage coach, leaving at eight in the morning of April 20th and arriving at seven in the morning of the 21st. Another stage journey from seven in the morning carried him from Columbus to Lower Sandusky. The next day he left Lower Sandusky for Sandusky, whence he proceeded through the lakes by boat to Cleveland and Buffalo. After a week at Niagara Falls, and more than three weeks in Canada, Dickens left Montreal for New York, whence he sailed for England June 7th on the sailing vessel *George Washington*. During his visit he had spent approximately a month to cover an itinerary which to-day could easily be accomplished in less than a week.

Poe and "Barnaby Rudge"

At a time when so much is being written about Charles Dickens some one should say a word to recall Edgar Allan Poe's extraordinary feat in outlining the entire plot of *Barnaby Rudge* after reading the first instalment of the story. "The man must be the very devil himself," said Dickens when a copy of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of May 1, 1841 was placed before him. Readers of *Barnaby Rudge* will recall how exceedingly complex and baffling the first few chapters are; and yet from these chapters Poe deduced the plot as follows:

> That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated

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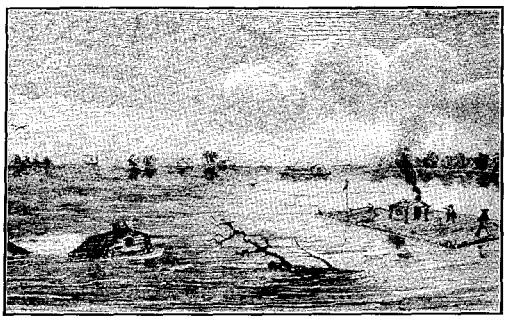
in his bedchamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, senior) and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. "Some months afterward"—here we use the words of the story—"the steward's body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes and the watch and ring he wore—was found at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master."

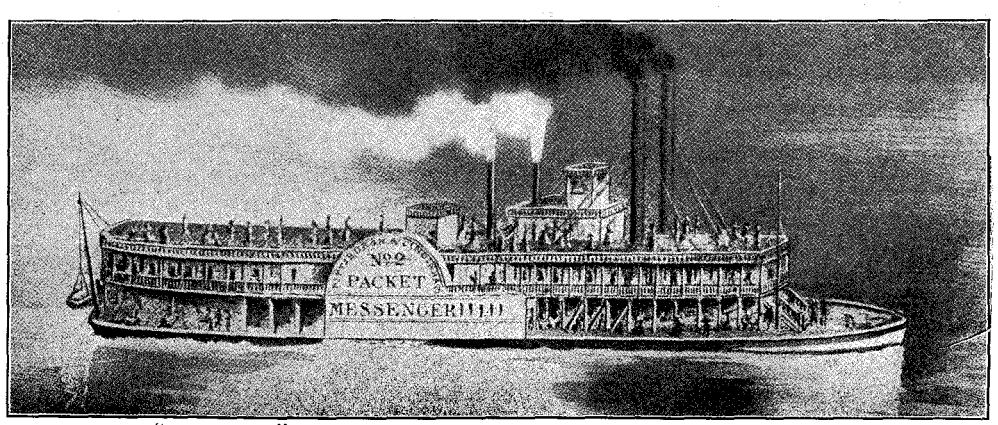
Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward's body was found;* he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear in the *dénouement* that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered *him,* was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held *by the wrist,* to prevent her giving the alarm; that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterward discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.



CAIRO, WHICH DICKENS INTRODUCED AS EDEN INTO THE AMERICAN CHAPTERS OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

In the Quarter

A number of American writers, among them Robert W. Chambers, and a great many English writers have tried to present something of the atmosphere of Henry Murger's immortal *Scenes de la Vie de Bohème.* None of them, we think, has been more successful than Leonard Merrick, in whose collection of short stories, *The Man Who Understood Women,* recently issued in this country by Mitchell Kennerley, we find a certain flavour that may or may not have influenced W. J. Locke in the writing of *The Beloved Vagabond* and *Septimus.* There are plenty of Mimis and Musettes, Rodolphes, Schaunards, Marcels, and Collines in these tales, albeit the Bohemia that Mr. Merrick knows is less the Bohemia of the left bank of the Seine than the newer Bohemia on the heights of Montmartre. There you must go to meet the poet Tricotrin, the composer Pitou, the novelist Lajeunie and their light loves. *The Man Who Understood Women* is not exactly *virginibus puerisque,* but to readers of mature years it can be recommended as a book containing invention, humour, and style. Nevertheless, there is always something about the books of Leonard



THE PACKET "MESSENGER" IN WHICH DICKENS TRAVELLED FROM PITTSBURGH TO CINCINNATI. FOUR DAYS WERE NEEDED FOR THE LEISURELY JOURNEY DOWN THE OHIO RIVER

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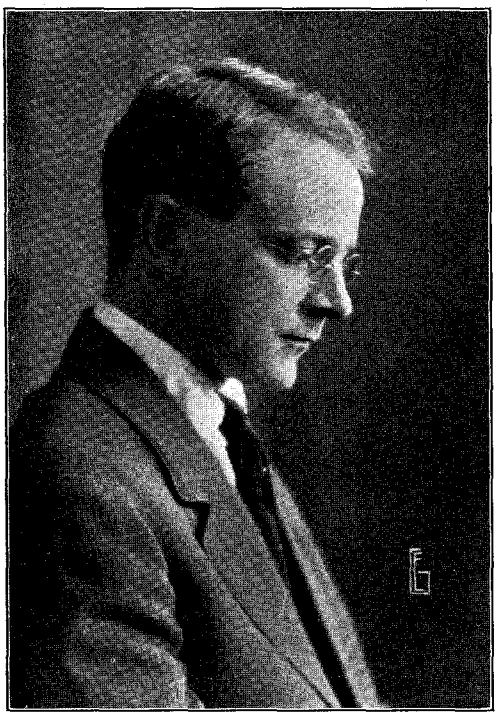
Merrick, as there is about the books of several talented Englishmen of the present moment, that impresses us forcibly as emanating from what the late George Du Maurier would probably have called "a Briton of the lower middle classes."

A Tale of Two Cities

We do not know whether Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has read Mr. Merrick's book or not, but in Mr. Kauffman's *The Girl that Goes Wrong*—also not particularly designed *virginibus puerisque*—



REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

there is one tale that bears a very close and curious resemblance to a tale in *The Man Who Understood Women.* Mr. Merrick's story is called "Little Flower of the Wood" and the scene is laid in the Loup Blanc, a restaurant of Montmartre. Mr. Kauffman's story is entitled "The Woman that Succeeded," and deals with the history of the Broadway restaurant of a certain John Hewitt, better known for professional reasons as "Jean Huette." The Paris narrative is the invention of the old absinthe drinker Janiaud, who is called upon to explain the surprising prosperity of the shabby little Montmartre restaurant. Years before the hostelry had been on the verge of failure. But one night the reigning dancer of the moment, known as the Little Flower of the Wood, took it into her pretty, capricious head to forsake the glittering restaurants of the boulevards and Bois and dine at the Loup Blanc. She went, accompanied by a train of admirers, was enraptured with the place, and from that night dated the establishment's good fortune. Two years later Little Flower of the Wood, with health and purse shattered, left the Riviera to go back to Paris to die. One night she finds her way to the Loup Blanc and sits there, a broken and shabbily dressed woman, in whom no one recognises the Parisian idol of other days. She cannot afford to pay for the supper prescribed by the rules of the house, and the waiters are about to eject her when she declares her identity to the proprietor, who invites her to supper as his guest.

In Mr. Kauffman's story Little Flower of the Wood is Penelope Burgess, the reigning beauty of the New York stage. The Loup Blanc is a gorgeous restaurant on Broadway which is about to fail for lack of patronage. The proprietor, John Hewitt, is advised by his lawyer to capture a bellweather to lead the flock of sheep to the doors of the Whitelight. Pen is approached and good-naturedly consents to dine regularly at the expense of the management. The scheme succeeds beyond all expectations and Hewitt is soon on the high road to fortune. But the years pass, and Penelope's beauty fades, and her following falls away, and one night the head waiter presents her with a bill for the dinner she has eaten. Her fiery protest is met with profuse apologies, but a few nights later the same thing happens again, and this time the proprietor informs her that exceptions can no longer be made. Finally the conspicuous table that has been here so long is taken from her and given to a newer and rising star. There is a scene, and Penelope Burgess is taken to the Night Court, and the Whitelight knows her no more. Of the two ends that of The

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Woman that Succeeded is the more pitiable to contemplate. This Tale of Two Cities carries with it no suggestion that Mr. Kauffman has in any way borrowed Mr. Merrick's idea, for an idea of this kind is common property. But it illustrates curiously how two authors, writing thousands of miles apart, can happen to hit upon exactly the same situation.

The Nationality of the Villain

In a chapter of *The Librarian at Play* Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson writes whimsically of the change of nationality that is coming over the villain in our popular fiction. Once, he says, you had only to know that the man who appeared at chapter three, twirling his moustache and making polite speeches, was a French count or a Russian prince to be sure that on him would fall the responsible post of chief villain during the rest of the story. If the novel were written in America, an English lord could be added to the list. But all that is changed. We have had novels and plays with virtuous, even admirable, English lords. Once or twice members of the French nobility have appeared in another capacity than that of advance agent of wickedness. Mr. Pearson protests that it is time to call a halt or else some one will write a book with a virtuous Russian prince in it.

Hitherto the mention of Russia in English literature has been to furnish tall, smooth, diabolical persons devoted to vodka, absinthe, and oppression of the peasantry. The time may come when novelists will have to draw upon Japan for their villains. Much might be made of a tall, oily, smiling Oriental who is nursing plots beneath a courteous exterior. At the time when William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide* was first staged, the sense of fitness in the nationality of villains had not entirely died out. The first act represented an American joining with a Mexican and a nondescript in a criminal enterprise. At least one newspaper called the dramatist to account for insinuating that an American could possibly do such a thing. "Foreigners perhaps—but American never!"

Fame of the Future

In a reminiscence of his early days of poverty, when he and his brother Ernest were living literally from hand to mouth, Alphonse Daudet told of a ludicrous attempt to raise a few francs by selling a bust of himself made by a friendly sculptor. After a time it became monotonous. Everywhere he met with the same reception. "Ah! A bust that you wish to sell? Who is it? Voltaire? Rousseau? Napoleon?" "No, it is a bust of myself." "Indeed! Then you are a celeb-

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

rity?" "No, monsieur, but I expect to be some day." "Very well, bring it to me then and we shall see." So in the end Alphonse Daudet went back, no richer than before, to his garret in the Rue Mouffetard. The story comes to mind in reading of a recent decision of the French courts by which Anatole France won a suit against Alphonse Lemerre involving the right of a publisher to publish the work of an author accepted and paid for when the latter was young and unknown.

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Thirty years ago, when Anatole France was a comparatively obscure young literary struggler, Lemerre commisioned him to write a history of France, and paid him a small sum on the delivery of the manuscript. For some reason the work was thrust into a safe and apparently forgotten, to come to light last year with a vastly augmented value in view of the distinguished position its author had won in contemporary French letters. The discovery was quickly followed by an announcement that the work was to be issued in book form. Anatole France protested that he had written another history of France, that his ideas and style had greatly changed, and that the proposed publication would be injurious to his reputation. M. Lemerre ignoring the protest, the author appealed to the courts. In granting the injunction the court held that a publisher after purchasing a manuscript could not keep it unpublished as long as he wished and bring it out after the writer had made a name for himself. The publisher was ordered to return the manuscript and the contract of thirty years before was declared null and void.

To our mind the episode is one of considerable interest and significance. We know of a number of somewhat similar cases in this country. A few years ago one of our leading magazines printed a story which had been accepted and paid for back in the seventies. When the story appeared the author had been dead for years. The first accepted work of one of the most popular American story-tellers was a twenty thousand word tale of college life before the Revolutionary War. The story was bought by one of our best publishing houses, and then sidetracked, probably because the purchase was at first regarded as a business mistake. But time brought the author success and a big reputation, and eight or nine years after the original contract was signed the story was brought out, first as a two-part magazine serial, and then in book form. This case is cited merely as an illustration, for the house in question subsequently published several of the author's later novels, and there was never any question of injustice. When Rudyard Kipling, in the full flood of his highest popularity, was in New York he met a certain magazine editor at a dinner and recalled to the latter's memory the existence of a story which had been accepted and bought for a song at a time when Kipling was a mere Anglo-Indian newspaper man with a bag full of manuscripts that nobody seemed to want. The editor had entirely forgotten the transaction, but the next day he found the tale in a safe, and of course made it the leading feature of an early number of his magazine.

Concerning Admiral Evans

Of the many stories that were told about the late Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, there was one that was told more than all the rest. And very naturally, we think, that was the one that did not happen to be true. In it the late Admiral was represented as entering a fashionable church in Washington one Sunday morning, and taking a seat in the corner of a comfortable pew. The church filled rapidly, and in time the real owners of the pew appeared, resented the presence of the intruder, whom they did not recognise, and took seats in an adjacent pew, whence they directed glances of marked hostility at the Admiral. The latter, however, had been too often under fire to be seriously disturbed. Finally, a note was handed to him which he opened and read: "We pay $3,000 for that pew." The Admiral took out his pencil, scribbled a reply, and handed the note back. His answer read: "You pay a d——d sight too much."

An intimate friend of the later Admiral spoke of him the other day as having been, in literary taste, of a Maria Edgeworth turn of mind. His favourite books were those that one might expect to be the favourite books of a bluff sailor. He liked his romance hearty and obvious, with plenty of generous bloodletting, spirited adventure, and airy, genteel conversation. The midshipman of Marryat, Leather Stocking and Uncas, Wilfred of Ivanhoe and Rebecca, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan—these

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were the kind of people he liked to meet in his fiction. He had no understanding of art for art's sake. If a man were to write a novel in which bad people were introduced, Admiral Evans would somehow feel that the author himself must be a bad man. In his two books, *A Sailor's Log* and *An Admiral's Log*, there is very little of literary interest—perhaps nothing beyond the reference to the origin of the much-quoted lines written by Rudyard Kipling in 1895. Several years had

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

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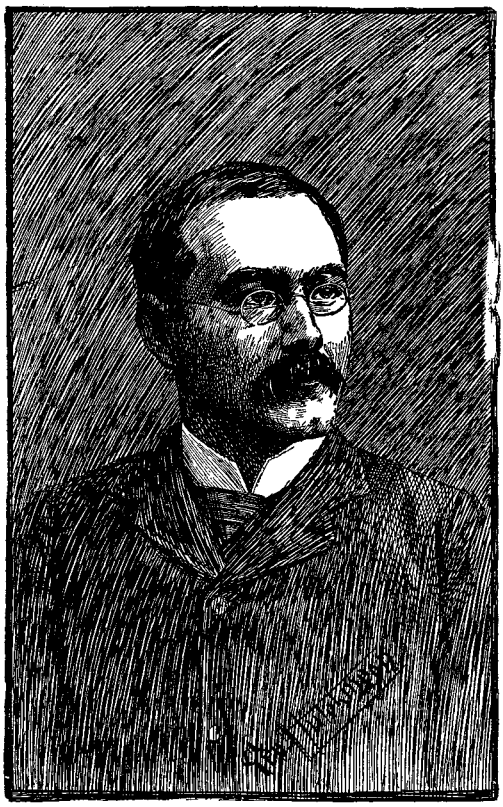

RUDYARD KIPLING IN 1895
"And I do things with a pen"

passed since the ingenuous young Anglo-Indian had issued *American Notes,* in which he expressed his contemptuous opinion of the American Navy, maintaining that the Chinese Navy, properly manned, could blow it into the blue, and in these years Kipling had probably learned a thing or two. At any rate, while in New York he was invited to take breakfast with Captain Evans on board the *Indiana.* He seemed much interested, particularly in the machinery, which he examined very closely. Some weeks afterward he sent the captain a set of his books. On the title page of *Plain Tales from the Hills,* facing a beautiful picture of Sergeant Mulvaney, done by R. F. Zogbaum, he had written the following lines:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
  And I do things with a pen;
And you sit up in a conning tower
  Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
  And I take care of mine;
And you take care of ten thousand tons
  Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
  And I can handle my style;
And you can handle a ten-inch gun
  To carry seven mile.

"To him that hath shall be given,"
  And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
  Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

Two of the incidents of Admiral Evans's career upon which much stress was laid in the newspapers the day after his death, were his command of the *Yorktown* in Valparaiso Harbour during the time of the trouble with Chile growing out of the killing of the sailors from the United States warship *Baltimore,* and his meeting with the German Emperor at the time of the opening of

R. F. ZOGBAUM IN 1895
"Zogbaum draws with a pencil"

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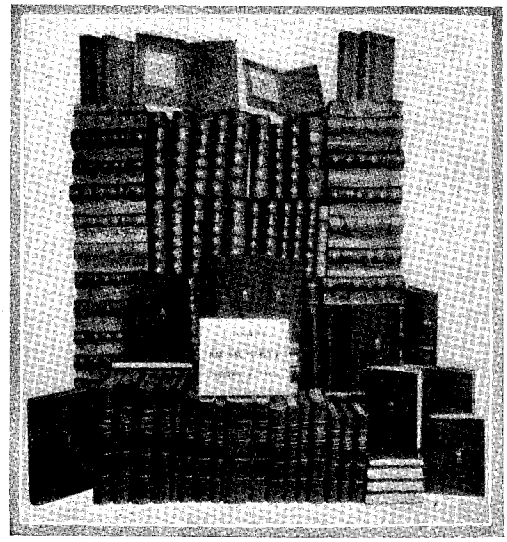
the Kiel Canal. As told in *A Sailor's Log* the chapters dealing with the Chilean trouble makes splendid, spirited reading—the kind of reading that stirs the most apathetic to renewed patriotism. But in the anecdotes about the Kaiser there are, to us, touches of gorgeous naïveté. For example, there is one anecdote which does not appear in *A Sailor's Log,* but which, it is said, the late Admiral used frequently to tell in private life. It related how late one night the Emperor paid a visit to the *New York* for an informal chat in Captain Evans's cabin. In the course of the talk the Emperor remarked that he understood that his host was to have command of the new war vessel, the *Oregon.* Captain Evans acknowledged that it was so. Thereupon His Majesty proceeded "to tell me more about the new American battleship than I knew myself." "Marvellous!" and "What a Napoleonic range!" comments the naïve narrator. "Marvellous"! echoes an interested world. As a matter of fact how exceedingly simple and trivial! His Majesty makes up his mind that he will pay an unexpected call on the Yankee captain. His Majesty, not being absolutely adverse to the theatrical, decides that he would like to astonish the Yankee captain. He calls for an epitome of the information which the German Navy Department posseses about the *Oregon,* studies it over for five minutes, makes a few notes, and touches the bell that calls up his launch to take him to the side of the *New York.* It is all so obvious and yet so effective. One wonders how many of the great figures of history could be explained away so easily. When Napoleon called attention to the fact that a certain report of defense omitted to mention two guns on an obscure battery at Toulon, was he playing the same theatrical game?

King George's Library

According to the London *Sphere* the *Medina* was supplied with a library for his Majesty's use during the voyage to India and back. The library includes the following books: *Auvergne and its People, Japan and the Japanese, Concise Oxford Dictionary, An Outpost in Padua, Life of W. E. Gladstone* (Morley), *Ramparts of Empire, Lavengro* (Borrow), *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, Dombey and Son* (Dickens), *Shakspere* (Vol. II), *Inquire Within, Rupert of Hentzau* (Anthony Hope), *Pendennis* (Thackeray), *The Queen's Fillet, The Happy Vanners* (Howard), *The Truth About Egypt* (Alexander), and so forth. The *Sketch* wonders how many of these volumes were read, saying that parcels of volumes taken by lesser folk arrived unopened at Bombay.



KING GEORGE'S TRAVELLING LIBRARY

In addition to books of travel, King George's library on the *Medina* included Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Borrow's "Lavengro," Dickens's "Dombey and Son," Thackeray's "Pendennis," and Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau."

The Perils of Authorship

Having had the benefit of a legal training and practice before he began to write, the creator of Potash and Perlmutter does not believe in taking any unnecessary chances. Whenever he introduces a new character in his stories he goes carefully to the business directory in order to make sure that some similarity of name and occupation does not lead to a suit for libel on the part of some person who considers himself to be injured by Mr. Montague Glass's portraiture. Speak-

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ing seriously, the precaution is far from being unnecessary. As a matter of fact, long after he had begun the stories which have proved so successful Mr. Glass found, to his surprise, that there was a firm of Perlmutter and Potash engaged in the clothing business in New York City. In recent years several English writers have found themselves in legal

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON AND MONTAGUE GLASS ON BOARD THE "LUSITANIA." MR. GLASS HAS FOUND IT NECESSARY TO TAKE THE PRECAUTION TO CONSULT THE BUSINESS DIRECTORY BEFORE NAMING A CHARACTER

difficulties with the descendents of certain historical personages whom they have attempted to portray in stories dealing with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—periods that would seem sufficiently safe. One shudders to think of the number of similar suits that might have been pressed against Charles Dickens and his publishers as a result of his *Child's History of England*. That American writers will do well to proceed with caution is shown by a recent delightful suit. To the extent of one hundred thousand dollars the plaintiff professed to consider himself damaged by the gentleman who many years ago won popular favour and attention by introducing us to the "Purple Cow."

We happen to have before us at the moment the brief for the defendants in the suit in question. After certain introductory paragraphs the brief explains that the part of the offending novel alleged to relate to the plaintiff consists of the following sentence:

> And ——, the star eater of the Palace Hotel —he used to have four canvas-back ducks cooked, selected one, and used only the juice from the others; he ordered soup at a dollar a plate; and he had a happy way of buying a case of champagne with each meal, drinking only the top glass from each bottle.

This innocent pleasantry, the brief goes on, is the cause of the presence before the court of the parties to this action and although the surname is differently spelled, the plaintiff has picked himself out from all other ———— and claims that he alone is the person at whom this morsel of humour is directed.

Now to the mind of the layman the whole matter will seem quite simple and absurd. But it is very different to legal eyes. For example, the defendant's brief finds it necessary to contend that "nothing is alleged of the Palace Hotel to intensify the ineffective opprobrium of being the 'star eater' of that hostelry." Next, the plaintiff is accused of being somewhat peculiar in his choice of canvas back ducks. "That," explains the brief, "may denote the epicure; it may even imply that he is meticulous in such matters, but it does not impute to him evil conduct, character or principles, and in the estimation of many would raise rather than lower him in the community. Buying soup at a dollar a plate is certainly a harmless amusement if one can pay for it. At the Palace Hotel that may have been the fixed price, and if so, it is rather a libel upon the hotel than upon the hotel's guest. Buying a case

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of champagne with each meal, and drinking only the top glass from each bottle commends itself as worthy of some consideration. It is perhaps a serious charge; but it would have been more serious had the author asserted that—was accustomed to drink the whole amount of his purchase."

Several years ago, the writer of these paragraphs, being supposed to possess a knowledge of publishing and literary standards in general, and of the work of Egerton Castle in particular, was called as an expert witness in a suit that was brought by one New York corporation against another. Briefly, the facts of the case were as follows. The plaintiff, the party in the first part, alleged that the defendent, the party in the second part, had agreed to buy the rights of serial publication of a certain story by Egerton Castle at a certain price, and had then repudiated the contract on the grounds that the story was of questionable character, and not what was to be expected from a knowledge of Egerton Castle's earlier published work. Three or four years elapsed before the case came to trial, and in the meantime the book in question had appeared and taken its place in the list of the author's accepted works. It was supposed that the defendent's counsel would attempt to prove that the story was of an immoral character and that the repudiation was therefore justified. A much simpler and more effective course was pursued. The party of the first part—that is, the head of the house bringing the suit—was placed on the stand. "You say that this book was written by Egerton Castle?" "Yes." "Did you see Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Have you any one here who saw Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Your Honour, I move that the case be dismissed." The case was dismissed.

Walter Greaves

"Not since the appearance of Mr. William DeMorgan a few years since in the field of letters," writes Mr. Christian Brinton in his *Walter Greaves, Pupil of Whistler,* "has there been a more remarkable instance of delayed recognition than that of Greaves, who in his seventh decade literally awoke to find himself famous over night." Mr. Brinton goes on to tell us how one day last May there slipped quietly into a London art gallery a "timorous, unassuming little man, clad in top hat, rusty frock coat and trousers, and a frayed and faded yellow silk tie." His attention had been called to a notice in one of the morning papers of the exhibition, which had opened the day before, and he just dropped round, he said, "to see how things were going." He was pleased and not a little puzzled at the unexpected interest taken in his work, for he had lived and laboured all his days in neglect and isolation. But at last the tide had turned, and soon there were waiting to interview him at the gallery a score of representatives from the leading London daily and weekly papers, while his canvases, which for years had lain unsold and unregarded, were bringing hundreds of pounds apiece.

Courtesy of Christian Brinton

WALTER GREAVES

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While Mr. Brinton introduces Walter Greaves as a pupil of Whistler, his book conveys the impression that in many respects he was the eccentric American's master. When, in the late fifties, Whistler settled in London after his Paris apprenticeship, the Greaves boys, Henry and Walter, were already well known about Chelsea. Their father was a famous boatman and skiff builder. He always accompanied Turner on his excursions up and down the Thames, and Mrs. Booth, Turner's Scotch housekeeper, would usually come to the landing-stage to see them off, Turner shouting back to her when conditions were unfavourable, "I shan't be gone long: Greaves says the weather will be soupy." The boys, who were too young to recall Turner with distinctness, but who remembered Mrs. Booth well, were born at Number 10 Lindsey Row, now Number 104 Cheyne Walk. "Our house," Walter Greaves says, "was so close to the water that when lying in bed at night we could hear the river's wash beneath the walls."

Before they met Whistler the Greaves brothers were already painting pictures of the Thames. When Whistler came the three made an inseparable trio. They were in a sense students together, at one period attending in a body an evening life class in Limerston Street. Soon, however, Whistler took precedence, and in a thousand little tricks of manner the brothers patterned themselves, consciously or unconsciously, upon his engaging and magnetic personality. Finally came the inevitable break. Whistler had an exhibition somewhere, and after it was over he asked the Greaveses if they had seen it, and they said, "No." It was an act of direct *lèse-papillon.* They made it worse by saying "they didn't mean anything by not going." Worse and worse! "If you had meant anything——" words failed Whistler. No more would he throw pebbles at the window of the brothers to wake them at dawn, or spend his evenings in the Greaves house sketching likenesses of the different members of the family. Henceforth he was to travel about in hansom cabs instead of in the favourite old boat he and the boys had so often shared together. He was a celebrity, belonging no longer simply to Chelsea, but to the larger world of art and fashion.

The Personal Tennyson

"My dear Alfred, you do talk d—— well!" Thackeray once exclaimed, after one of those long sessions of which the great Victorian poet was the centre. Even in the printed record there is something impressive in manner, voice, accent, whatever it may be, that gives a peculiar interest to the utterances, often trivial in substance, of Tennyson. Like Samuel Johnson, even in his weaknesses he preserved the grand manner. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the old story of his pulling his walking companion aside on a country road to avoid a group of chattering tourists—pilgrims, perchance, to Aldworth—and then muttering, as they passed by heedlessly: "Why, they never even looked at me!" Only a great man could produce that naïve mixture of shyness and hurt vanity. Most of the stories of the man preserved in the recently published book, *Tennyson and His Friends,* are not new, but many of them bear re-telling. The common human interest in the homelier moments of great men is fed by his architect's story of the poet's delight in the new hot-water bath in his last home, Aldworth. "He would take it four or five times a day," Sir James Knowles writes, "and told me he thought it was the height of luxury 'to sit in a hot bath and read about little birds.'" There is a like homely simplicity in an insignificant recollection of Lady Ritchie:

> Mr. Tennyson was upstairs, we were told, not well. He had hurt his shin. "He did not wish for visitors, nevertheless certainly we were to go up," they said, and we mounted. . . . Tennyson was sitting in a chair with his leg up, evidently ill and out of spirits.
>
> "I am sorry to find you laid up," said my father.
>
> "They insisted upon my seeing the doctor for my leg," said Alfred, "and he prescribed cold water dressing."

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"Yes," said my father, "there's nothing like it, I have tried it myself."

And then no more. No high conversation—no quotations—no recollections. After a minute or two of silence we came away. My tall father tramped down the little wooden staircase followed by a bitterly disappointed audience.

Doubtless this is the poet in his least impressive aspect. To learn the depth of the reverence he was capable of inspiring, one should read in its entirety the short contribution to this volume of the former tutor of the Tennyson children, the late Henry Graham Dakyns.

THE SUMMER HOUSE AT FARRINGFORD WHERE "ENOCH ARDEN" WAS WRITTEN

To avoid repetition and for reverence' sake, I shall speak of Lord and Lady Tennyson as Him and Her, and of yourselves, my two pupils, by your names. If I have occasion to mention myself (your old tutor), I will use the symbol Δ, the first letter of *Δακνιδιον*, which, being interpreted, is "Little Dakyns," by which name your father spoke of me, at least on one occasion. . . . And then he came in, a truly awful moment, but in an instant of time he had not only banished the nervousness of Δ, but won his heart. His welcome resembled hers in its sincerity. And even if I had been ten times more nervous than I was, and awe-stricken I was, no doubt, something set me at my ease at once. Of his look and manner I find it not only hard, but absurd to attempt to speak. . . . His figure, so well known in the photographs of the time, was imposing, and it was awe-inspiring to be in the presence of the great Poet we had hero-worshipped in our youth.

As an offset to this ecstasy of reverence it is good to come on the anecdote of the honest British cabby:

One of Tennyson's friends asked a cabman at Freshwater, "Whose house is that?" Cabman: "It belongs to one Tennyson." Friend: "He is a great man, you know?" Cabman: "He a great man! he only keeps one man-servant, and he don't sleep in the house!"

Not the least interesting portion of this volume, a conglomerate of reminiscences, history, and critical articles concerning Tennyson and his intimate circle, is an appendix of letters "from unknown friends." In this section, as might be guessed, America is sufficiently represented. The free spirit of the New World breathes through this effusion, dated 1885:

DEAR LADY TENNYSON: It is one of the glorious privileges of our government that the "first ladies of the land" may be courteously addressed without the formalities of an introduction, and why not the same rule in your country? Therefore, without the semblance of an apology, I request you will do me the honour to grant a small favour. I am engaged in collecting souvenirs from celebrated

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writers, and you being the wife of England's Poet Laureate, I would prize beyond measure a contribution from you: a *scrap* of silk or velvet from one of *your dresses,* and also a scrap of one of your husband's *neckties.* . . . There is no one who loves his works as myself . . . he reaches further down into the human heart and touches its tender cords (*sic*) as no man has since the days of Shakespeare. . . . My husband, who has won an enviable reputation as a writer, hopes soon to produce his work on *The Lives of English and American Poets.* Hoping you will not refuse me, and so forth.

Walt Mason's Review of The "Outcry"

Henry James's later books are always falling into the hands of persons for whom they were not intended, and it is always a necessity of these simple natures to blame him for what they cannot understand. Probably no novelist ever lived who could stimulate an uncongenial reader to such loquacity of incomprehension. The results are generally rather sad, but the following clipping from the New York *Globe* sums up the whole man-in-the-street point of view briefly, conclusively, and with engaging candour:

THE "OUTCRY"

I have read your latest story, Henry James; it contains no actions gory, Henry James; there is nothing there to shock; no man hits another's block; all your people stand and talk, Henry James. Oh, they talk too long, I ween, Henry James; and I can't guess what they mean, Henry James; each one anxiously conceals all emotion that he feels, each one's head is full of wheels, Henry James. Oh, your ladies and your gents, Henry James, look to me like twenty cents, Henry James; nothing sane have they in mind, nothing but their social grind, and they stand and talk us blind, Henry James. I like narratives of folks, Henry James, who are toiling in their yokes, Henry James; men who saw and dig and pound, men who plough the fertile ground, men who make the wheels go round, Henry James. All your little fiddling lords, Henry James, with their endless stream of words, Henry James, are not worth one sweating jay who is toiling day by day, sawing wood or baling hay, Henry James.

WALT MASON.

Infant Prodigies

Because the little William James Sidis after reading more Latin and Greek than most bachelors of arts enters college at the age of eleven and lectures to the professors on the higher mathematics, and because the still more diminutive Winifred Stoner, aged eight, converses fluently in English, French, Spanish, Latin, Esperanto, Japanese, Russian, German, Polish, and Italian, we are troubled somewhat by the backward state of our own Johns and Marys. And what more natural than to blame the school system? Change the school system, and John will begin to be John Stuart Mill, and Mary, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Several hundred newspaper editorials and educational articles during the last year and a half have on the strength of the Sidis and Stoner examples been condemning the schools for wasting time, fostering bad mental habits and in general doing more harm than good. Parents and friends of these prodigious young creatures swear they are none the worse for their weight of learning, but are natural, healthy children with as much fun in them as the rest. Professor Boris Sidis, father of the accomplished William, uses him triumphantly as an instance of what right training ought to accomplish, and damns the entire system of education. The educators themselves have been much impressed and already there is a movement for placing children earlier at school and removing what are considered the easier courses from the curriculum. To all this Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin replied in a temperate and common sense paper in a recent number of *Science.* While it is possible, said he, to teach a child to read at the age of two, the child will have merely "gained a certain degree of familiarity with a peculiar kind of visual object." He will not necessarily have the slightest idea of what the words mean. "No one would be quite so foolish," says Professor O'Shea, "as to claim that a child of two who had had no experience outside of his nursery could read understandingly the Old Testament, for example, or Tennyson's *In Memoriam* or *Paradise Lost.*" A normal child, morever, is constantly

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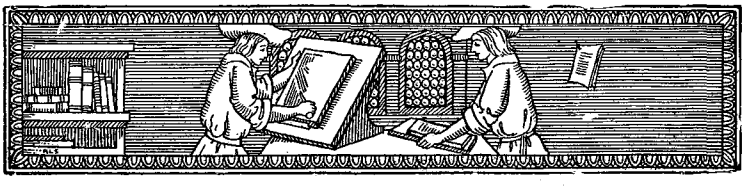
doing more difficult things than those which are recorded of these prodigies.

"It seems reasonable to say that every normal five-year-old child has performed much more difficult feats in discovering the qualities of human beings, say, and adjusting himself to them, than would be essential in learning to speak sentences in Spanish, French, German and Greek. This statement will doubtless be questioned by one who has not reflected upon the matter; but the reason it may seem extreme is because it is more in line with custom and with native tendency for a child to learn how to adapt himself to the world of people and things about him than to memorise verbal combinations."

The Story of a Play

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Hamilton will discuss critically Mr. Charles Kenyon's *Kindling,* in which Miss Margaret Illington has been appearing in New York. At the moment of writing this play seems to be a failure, as the word failure in theatrical matters is generally understood. Whether it is possible for a play to overcome the handicap of an unfortunate beginning remains to be seen. For years the critics of the drama have been preaching in the same refrain "Give us a play by an American author on an American subject! See that it is clean, with a big, deep underlying idea, well constructed and adequately acted, and there will be no question of its financial success." Now *Kindling* is an American play by an American playwright. It is clean, it has the big idea, and it is—with certain reservations—excellently constructed. Also it is splendidly presented. But—it makes one think. Can it be that the secret of the initial failure lies there?

Pessimists who profess knowledge of the matter will tell you that in the lexicon of modern theatrical enterprise there is no such word as disinterestedness. But there is a little story connected with *Kindling* that seems to contradict this idea. The play was first presented in New York in a Broadway theatre, and after a few weeks of ill success there was transferred to a small theatre in a region which the late O. Henry used to call Harlem, where it played to sparsely patronised houses. But about that time there broke out in a certain club in New York City a disease designated as "Kindlingitis." The members of this club, limited by the constitution to those engaged in the allied professions of the drama, literature, music, sculpture, painting, and to patrons of the arts—would compose probably as critical and discerning an audience as could be found in America. To these men there was no novelty in a good play, no curiosity as to the inner workings of the stage. Yet from one to another of a little group there passed the word that *Kindling* was a play that ought not to be allowed to fall by the wayside. Of these men actively engaged in this work of lending a helping hand there is not one who has the slightest affiliation with, or interest in, Mr. Kenyon's play. Indeed, several of them are themselves writers of plays that this season are conceded successes, and consequently are, in a way, acting against what might be regarded as their own interests. We are curious to learn what effect this little campaign will have. In the meanwhile we beg to call the attention of the Drama League of America and similar organisations to the fact that *Kindling* is a play well worthy of their serious consideration.



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SOME LIGHTER VERSE BY STEDMAN

BY LAURA STEDMAN AND GEORGE M. GOULD

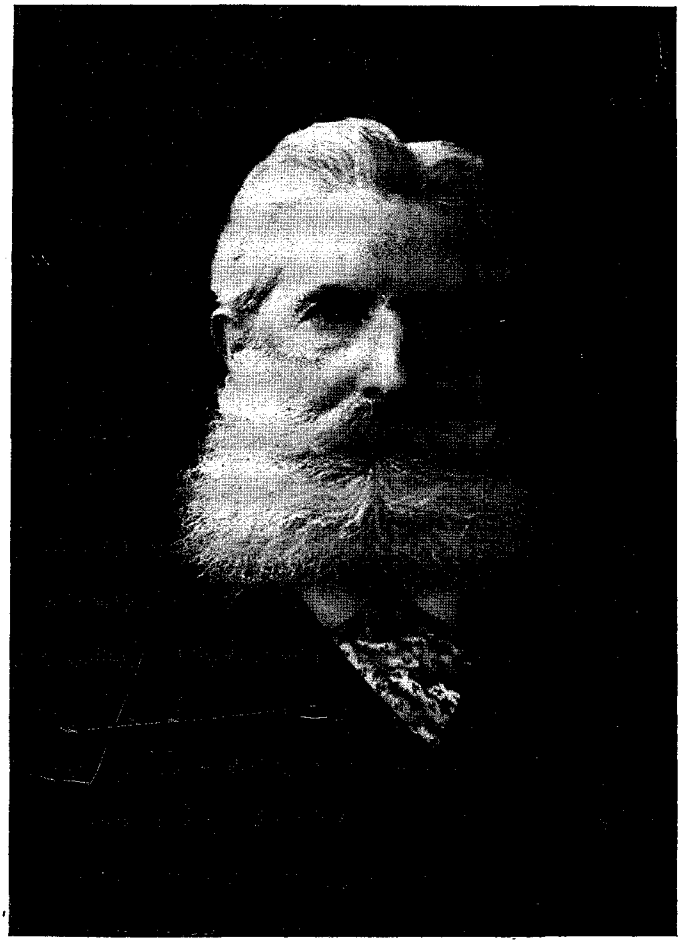
ITHOUT reading his *Life and Letters,* few could know what a many-sided man he was." So writes a long-time and intimate friend of Mr. Stedman.

For his generation, Mr. Stedman was our most popular American Poet of Occasion; the variety of his poems from those of boyhood frolics to the lustrous *Mater Coronata* give proof of the dimensions of this single facet of his diamond. It has been observed "how pertinent, how perfectly he caught and imaged the spirit of the hour, the institution, the cause, the men, the man, of which he was the celebrant."

His college and class-day poems are treasured, as are those written for his beloved societies; more in memory or in toast of honoured men; and those to friends—how many there are of these; nor do we soon forget the elevated *Hawthorne,* with such lines as

The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.

And haunting is that re-echoed story first told by Mr. Stoddard in "The King's Bell," later to be revivified in *Meridian;*



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

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an Old Fashioned Poem, read at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Yale Class of 1853.

A grave, sweet poet in a song has told
Of one, a king, who in his palace old
Hung up a bell; and placed its cord anear
His couch,—that thenceforth, when the court should hear
Its music, all might know the king had rung
With his own hand, and that its silver tongue
Gave out the words of joy he wished to say,
"I have been wholly happy on this day!"
Joy's full perfection never to him came;
Voiceless the bell, year after year the same,
Till, in his death-throes, round the cord his hand
Gathered—and there was mourning in the land.

Eleven years after the publication of the poem, John Hay wrote to Mr. Stedman that *Liberty Enlightening the World* "holds me and shakes me as it did that morning when I first read it in the *Tribune*. It is the most powerful, the most vibrant poem of occasion anybody has done in our time. The last three stanzas are perfection at white heat."

Oliver Wendell Holmes had read nothing for a long time which he had liked so much as the noble *Hand of Lincoln,* of which Mr. Stedman has said, with the elder critic's comment upon his own *Chambered Nautilus,* "When I wrote that poem I wrote better than I could."

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

But there are many other poems of occasion: uncollected, save in their hearts for whom they were written. His fairies had bestowed the gift of a unique range of brilliant conversation, flecked with wit and vivacious stories; for "I first heard of him," says a friend, "from the Norwich boys as the prince of story-tellers." It is difficult now to catch the echo of this gayety save in his off-hand *vers de société,* of which his early balladry was the precursor, quickly establishing his reputation as a Poet of Occasion. Although it was obvious that his facility in this form of verse was noteworthy, he considered it sacrilege to his Muse, denied himself this power, even refused large offers of money when he was in want. "If I have *any* conscience," he says, "'tis with regard to my art. Cannot make a Tupper of myself." Yet so eminent a critic as Mr. Howells urged: "You are the one man living who can do that sort of Bernesque thing perfectly in English. (There never was poetic tipple better than your 'Lager Bier.') It is an excellent natural grace of yours which I think you can't make too much of. Only a few in any country have had it—no one in England or America, as I said, in such full measure as yourself."

The force and form of the fountain's play depends upon the far-off source, not upon the naiads and dolphins of the basin: the natural genius of the poet springs in obedience to the innate command—in Stedman's ringing war ballads, in his political satires, his lyrics of Wall Street, *The Reconstruction Letter, Musæ Americanæ,* etc.; also, in the delightful give and take between comrades, when his Muse was entirely "off duty."

He had a genius for friendship and generosity: he gave himself without stint to all conditions of people, knew, nay, lived, their joys, sorrows, oddities. In this spirit he delighted to run with his fancy in dainty verses for affectionate occasions. Especially did he enjoy inscribing his gift-books to friends: it pleased his ideal of gift-making to add some appreciative unique greeting, which he would write upon the fly-leaf in a manner artistic and pleasing to himself as well as to the recipient.

To brides—for him at the fairest hour of woman's existence—he often repeated those lines first composed while his heart sorrowed with his country's grief:

Whoso conquers the earth,
Winning its riches and fame,
Comes to the evening at last,
The sunset of threescore years
Confessing that Love was real,
All the rest was a dream!

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A fly-leaf of the Book Fellow's edition of *Songs and Ballads* bears this:

To William Sharp

Were thou and I a tourney waging,
The minstrel's wreath must leave forsooth
A poet in this New World ageing,
To crown thee in thine Old World youth;
Yet take these songs, O friend and singer!
Their music born of youth and eld,—
Life's random peal (with Time for ringer),
Its pleasure chimed, its sorrow knelled.

E. C. S.

New York, October, 1889.

In Mr. Samuel P. Avery's copy of this book the following was inscribed as an additional stanza to "The Old Picture Dealer,"—

And yet—and yet might time decree
That Avery should my fame restore,
That hovering shade would smile to see
His Virgin shrined as ne'er before!
Then, for one votary at my throne,
The world would worship in his stead,
And with its proffered gold atone
For long neglect through centuries sped.

In another book is written:

To
Austin Dobson, Esq.
(At the Sign of the Lyre),
Through the kindness of Edmund Gosse,—
Who, with laurels galore
And of dollars a store,
The sea is about to cross.

In 1879, when Mr. Stedman was leaving England for France, he sent in answer to a humorous letter by Mr. Dobson the following:

Horatius,

From your side the Channel,
Where Britons say their prayers in flannel,
To Paris—where the Gauls still sin in
The lightest silks and whitest linen—
Your chanson comes, to me a bringer
Of welcome things, blithe brother-singer!—
Of friendship leal, and rhymes, which rather
Than gold who wouldn't choose to gather?
Now had I, like that rare old Greek,
(Whose phrase from memory I speak),
A swift *erasmia Peleia*
To come and go at my desire,
I'd give him all that he could carry
Of thanks, and bid him fly—nor tarry
Until he passed them through your lattice
And heard your hearty shout, *jam satis!*
Perhaps in this new age 'twere properer
Not from the *Avenue de l'Opéra,*
(Where lights electric, silver-shining,
Cocottes and *petits-garçons* dining,
Make up a picture meretricious
But quite Arabian and delicious,)
The P. O., via Calais-Dover,
Should bear this warm God-Bless-You over!

An inscription in a copy of *Poems Now First Collected* reads:

This to
Bliss Carman
—Where'er he be,
Behind the Arras
Or by the Sea,
(Keeping Last Watch,
The dunes behind him),
Always a Poet,
'Tis sure to find him.

E. C. S.

November, 1897.

With a copy of DeQuincey's *Opium Eater* to Sanford B. Hunt:

Above these mystic pages, Hunt,
Bend down your tall Avonian front:
Drive, if you will, at break of day,
Their splendid phantoms far away,
But from yourself—awake, asleep—
My heart's intent you shall not keep.
—Though to that noonstead I had grown
When young romance and faith are flown,
Nor thought a newer friend to gain
To share my passion and my pain,
The Lord, who laughed at Abram's fears
And doubting Sarah's ninety years,
Has taught me there's no stage so late,
Some good thing may not be in wait.
And even as thou hast done to me,
So would I, trust me, do to thee,
(I could no better and no more!)
Should Ill-Luck hammer at thy door;
But let this devil keep his hoof
From both our cottage gates aloof,
So may we comrades, with our wives,
Laugh out our wise and merry lives,
And many an evening rail together,
At fools who're led by Fortune's feather,
And friends who part in stormy weather.

E. C. Stedman.

Irvington, August 22, 1869.

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In another book:

To

HOWARD KYLE

For whom be Fortune's gifts increased,
North, West, or South, or 'Way Down East,—
Until his Life's Last Act hath ceased,
And Life's Hereafter
His astral self shall then engage
To brighten some Elysian stage
And move the Shades to joy and rage,
To tears and laughter!

E. C. S.

THE PLAYERS, *January 23, 1900.*

Another:

Herbert Bowen's in Spain,
I'm in Manhattan City;—
Although I would fain
Be with Herbert in Spain,
My longing's in vain,
For, alack, more's the pity,
'Tis my castle's in Spain,
I'm in Manhattan City.

E. C. S.

February 1, 1890.

In a copy of *Poems* given to Miss Lucy Catlin Bull on her birthday, April 18, 1899:

April's daughter and mine,
Hold this book in your palm,
Yonder across the brine,
On the shadow of Nôtre Dame;
Or read it perchance, some day,
Where those roses are still the same
In that garden where lovers stray
And mock at old Polyphème.

E. C. S.

For a wedding anniversary:

Reading this broad, white page, perchance you'll say,
When comes about your Golden Wedding Day:
"A quarter century (can it be) ago,
Those other Stedmans—how, we scarcely know—
First crossed our path, which Time hath strewed with flowers,—
Beguiled us to their hearth and came to ours,
Begging that as Abou's tribe of peace,
Love, honour, friends, for us should long increase!"

E. C. S

In January, 1892, from the Quaker City, while repeating his Johns Hopkins lectures on Poetry before the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Stedman wrote to his friend Cyrus O. Baker:

The people here are civil
But the skies are very evil;
It's raining like the devil,
On my first Lecture Day.

At the Stratford I abide me,
With two clubs just beside me—
The which I shall divide me
When callers stay away.

So hail, beloved Cyrus!
If war breaks out, just wire us,
And that the Muse inspire us
I pray to thee to pray.

For the big Association
Hall scares me like tarnation!
I'm in great trepidation
To know what there to say.

It's high and cold and gloomy;
I fear they will beshrew me;
Already now I rue me
That I have come this way.

For parties, clubs, and dinners,
Though relished well by winners,
Are of small worth to sinners
Like me, on Hangman's Day!

E. C. S.

In a copy of the second edition of *A Victorian Anthology* given to Mr. Laurence Hutton:

Voilà! dear Hutton,
You pressed the button—
We do the rest!
In this edition
Sins of omission
Are all confest:
To other picken's
We've added Dickens;
"The Ivy Green"
Hath its demesne;
—In Adam's fall,
We sinned all,
There's no perfection
Can 'scape correction,
But of all my sponsors
You are the best.

E. C. S.

March 4, 1896.

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In a copy of *Songs and Ballads:*

To Laurence Hutton, Amicus

Wherever under the sun I wander,
The while I work my songs I ponder,
And seek to find a comrade true—
As Larry Hutton, staunch and true;
Nor have I, Larry, any misgiving
That Life, with Friendship, 's not worth living,
Though it be toilsome,—Friend, have you?
And I sing before I take my rest,
In every life three things are best,
Three things are best in every land—
Love, and work, and a Comrade's hand!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

New York, April 25, 1887.

With a book, to Robin MacKaye, October 8, 1904.

Dear Robin—of the princely mien
Art's pilgrims to the Old World know—
You came upon this modern scene
But just a star of years ago,—
Came in that mellow day o' the year
Which scores my own so distant birth
That you by thirteen lustra clear
Outhold me in your lease of Earth!
Thus much shall be your gladsome life
Than mine serener and more sage,
Surcharged with love, unvexed by strife,
From childhood to the Golden Age!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

B. October 8, 1833.

To Robin MacKaye, a poet's son.

B. October 8, 1899.

In a book, to the portrait painter—August Franzén:

The man that drew me sprang from Norseland soil,
And on the canvas I have deathless grown,
Induced by him who genius gave and toil,
Through his rare art to nobler make mine own.

To Henry Holt:

Alack, the swift years will not tarry,
But you and I outlast them still,—
For why? 'Tis this—I'll tell ye, Harry—
Good honest blood makes strong the will!

To bend *your* thews is not so easy:
You tried and toughened them at Yale;—
Long life! If e'er the sheriff seize ye,
All signing here will go your bail.

E. C. S.

On one of Miss Field's departures from the West to the Atlantic seacoast again, Mr. Stedman rivalled Thomas Hood's celebration of the fair Inez by sending to Kate Field on a post-card:

Oh, saw ye not fair Kate?
She's going to the East
To take from out our loaf of cake
Its most ethereal yeast!

When Eugene Field was recovering from pneumonia, in 1893, Mr. Stedman sent him a first edition of *Hawthorne and Other Poems,* and wrote therein some lines which deeply touched Mr. Field:

To E. F.

Death thought to claim you in this year of years,
But Fancy cried, and raised her shield between:
"Still let men weep, and smile amid their tears;
Take any two beside, but—spare Eugene!"

E. C. S.

In jesting humour:

Katharine and Eugenio

Miss H. was very much put out about the whole affair. "It's all nonsense," she exclaimed; "perfectly idiotic! Sounds like a lot of ducks quacking; that's what I've got to say. . . . I want to inform you that I never called Eugene Field 'Gene' in my life. . . . I never heard such balderdash. It's true we worked together on the same paper for five years, but he was always a perfect gentleman. What on earth would I call him 'Gene' for?"—*Report of the Row in the American Society of Authors.*

Five years she sate anear him
Within that type-strewn loft;
She handed him the paste-pot,
He passed the scissors oft;
They dipped in the same inkstand
That crowned their desks between,
Yet—he never called her Katie,
She never called him "Gene."

Though close—ah! close—the drop-light
That classic head revealed,
She was to him Miss Katharine,
He—naught but Mister Field;
Decorum graced his upright brow
And trimmed his lips serene,
And, though he wrote a poem each hour,
Why should she call him "Gene"?

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She gazed at his sporadic* hair—
  She knew his hymns by rote,
They longed to dine together
  At Casey's table d'hôte;
Alas, that Fortune's "hostages"—
  But let us draw a screen!
He dared not call her Katie,
  How *could* she call him "Gene"?

BY ONE OF "GENE'S" VICTIMS.

One of the floral tributes which the actress, Miss Clara Morris, received November 20, 1876, bore a card upon which was written:

CLARA MORRIS

Touched by the fervour of her art,
  No flaws to-night discover!
Her judge shall be the people's heart,
  This western world her lover.
The secret given to her alone
  No frigid schoolma'am taught her:—
Once more returning, déarer grown,
  We greet thee, Passion's daughter!

E. C. S.

With a ballad-book to Dr. John Williamson Palmer, balladist:

This small B. B.
(Consigned to me)
Is passed by right to the bard whose song
Of the *Fight at the San Jacinto*
Shall last as long
As the tale shall be told, in years to come,
Of the hour when Houston "tapped his drum,"
And the Dagoes broke at the Texan yell,
And a Lone Star rose as they fled and fell.

E. C. STEDMAN.

October, 1900.

Soon after the publication of *An American Anthology*, Mr. Stedman received from Mr. George Meason Whicher a letter in verse humorously chiding him for giving certain authors English Caps while he had

To be "Additional Selections"!
  And have no Gothic type at all!

To which Mr. Stedman replied:

ON READING THE FOREGOING SONG OF DEGREES

Let Gothic headlines serve the turn
  Of bards whom Time has bid to quit;
My choice, to pilfer from his urn
  The one rare thing in beauty writ.

See capelmeisters come and go,—
  Their scores lie hid in silent pages,
While haply some chance strain shall flow
  In haunting music down the ages.

The tomes our elders knew by rote,
  Calf bound, unoped, the alcoves fill,
Yet clear and high some perfect note,
  Once heard, our heart-strings echo still.
Bacchylides himself shall need
  No prouder monument's erection,
Perennius ære, than the meed
  Of one "additional selection."

E. C. S.

*Sporadic. [Gr. σποραδικός scattered.] Occurring singly, or apart from other things of the same kind, or in scattered instances.—*Webster's International Dictionary.*

On the sixteenth anniversary of Arbor Day, April 22, 1888, to the originator of the Festival—the Honourable J. Sterling Morton—Mr. Stedman wrote:

THE TREE PLANTER

Tribute of fruits be his, and glossy wreaths
  From roadside trees,—and his the people's love,
When east and west the wind of summer breathes
  Through orchard, shaded path, and sighing grove.

In 1907, when Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe were enacting Sudermann's *Salome*, Miss Marlowe's defence of the character of Salome drew from William Winter an inimitable ballad. It tickled Mr. Stedman, who while amused at Mr. Winter's serious play, honoured the dauntless Chief of the Dramatic Craft. So he sent the following to Mr. Winter:

Stanza composed solely for W. W.'s private delectation,—the composer having just lit upon the "Whitewash" ballad in a file of *Tribunes* accumulated during his temporary attack of pink-eye.—*E. C. S.*

To W. W.

ANENT REDEEMING GRACE

Call us "grim," "immoral," "naughty,"
  Say it is decadent art,—
But,—*elderly!* Great Herod! Ought he
  Thus to pierce the Thespian heart?
They who dance must pay the fiddle
  (Or, at least, the Syrian lute),
But, oh, Willie! that word "middle-
  Aged" proves you *just a brute!*

EDWARD AND JULIA.

On days when Mr. Stedman was worn with trouble, or crushed with work, he would fling aside his inward "serious

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and melancholy reserve"—his words—unnatural to his friends, to let his spirit caper in some volatile caprice,—

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.

Witness the following, from 1885:

In payment for *Consolidated*
Gas, receive my cheque as stated.
But pray do not, directors thrifty,
Reduce the rate another "fifty"!
Strange, while the cost is thus brought down,
The bills increase all over town,—
Like hair, that thicker grows, and stronger
The more it's cut—and always longer!

December 23, 1880:

Bought—100 Cent. Pac. *"86½ and a poem."*
Sold— " " " *89½.*

THE POEM

At loftier strains than these, and more,
The world has laughed and wept and wondered,
But who e'er wrote four lines before
That brought him in a cool 300?

E. C. S.

(Written in a copy of *The Blameless Prince* and given with my check for the Cent. Pac. to Savin.—*E. C. S.*)

With a cup of Salviati glass to A. R. Macdonough—on his birthday, November 20, 1879:

Drink, Rodney, from this cup
In which a Doge might glory,
To what the years sum up,
That make your own life's story,—
To joy, to sweet repute,
To friendship's star-lit river,—
Then (ere his song be mute),
To one who was the giver.

E. C. S.

Some verses given with a silver bell to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Ticknor:

1865-1890

Ring, little Bell, for two that win
A wedding at Life's Half-Way Inn,
And summon with your tinkling chime
Their old and blithe Head Waiter, Time,
Who laughs to see their joys increased
The while he serves the nuptial feast.
Go, little Bell,
And cheer them oft and well,
And mingle in your Silver chime
The love that sends you with this rhyme!

E. C. S. AND L. H. S.

Written in Miss Rose Hutchinson's album, February, 1882:

Ah, Rose, your graybeard poet grieves
This album to restore,
For, Rose, who looks herein perceives
A thing unknown before;
Yes, Rose, these leaves became rose-leaves
When first you turned them o'er,—
So, Rose, their sweetness guard from thieves
And guard from poets more!

E. C. STEDMAN.

In 1906, to his little godchild:

Rosemary! could we give you
"Remembrance," with your name,
Erelong you'd tell us something
Of Heaven, whence you came,—
Of those enchanted meadows
Where, through the ceaseless day,
The children waiting to be born
Wonder, and sing, and play,—
And where you wandered carolling
Until the angel's hand
Closed down your eyes—then opened them
To light this earthly Land,—
This Land whereto they've sent you
To share its joy, its strife,
Its love, and learn through Womanhood
How rich, how deep, is Life.

E. C. S.

And this—at the birth of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Palmer, August 24, 1888:

Where some heavenly river bright and still is,
Angels plucked a bud among its lilies—
That for you might breathe and blossom
Phyllis.

E. C. S.

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After the etching by Zorn

ERNEST RENAN

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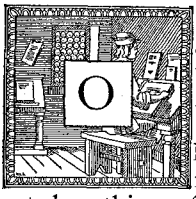
THE RENANS IN SYRIA

The Story of the Writing of "The Life of Jesus"

BY AMEEN RIHANI

I



NCE in a great while some European scholar, visiting Syria and Arabia, returns to his country with an excellent book—a book which is essentially a work of art, breathing of the spirit and poetry of ancient lands. Such, to be sure, is a rarity. And I might instance Volney's *Ruins of Empire*, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, Renan's *The Life of Jesus*, Lamartine's—but the true Oriental spirit palpitated in almost everything he wrote. And Lady Hester Stanhope might have given us a classic had she condescended to write. We have the adumbrations of one in her doctor's Memoirs of her. Yet, every one of these travellers—scholars, poets, philosophers, adventurers—was animated with a different spirit, and carried among his baggage, as it were, his own particular preconception of things. And a programme, too, concealed among his secret papers, smelling of lamp-oil, and sometimes of the sweet oil of diplomacy, for the redintegration of what is crumbling in the Orient world, or the destruction of what is inimical to the modern spirit of Europe.

Indeed, one's crotchets vary with one's station in life. Lamartine, who travelled in state, sought only God and the spirit of poetry and romance. And he could well afford it. Renan, who travelled for the State, had to waste much of his precious time in digging up sarcophagi and potsherds and tear-bottles. Lady Hester, a vaticinator and queen, in her own estimation and that of her muleteers, wanted to establish a religion. And on the summit of Joune, overlooking ancient Sidon, she built her castle and her temple, and a stable, too, for the two milk-white she-asses of *her* apocalypse. But Volney, on the other hilltop of Lebanon, and in a Maronite convent, penned his brief against the kings and the priests of the earth. And Henry Doughty, taking his Scotch prejudices away out to Nejd for a change of climate, would wish that al-Islam had but one head and he were the executioner. Though the philosophies and eccentricities of these people differ, however, their spirit is one: they are all artists essentially, and producers, each, of a classic.

In one of the cafés of Beirut, the city of learning and of mud, we were discussing their influence on the religions and the governments of the East. And when my Mohammedan friend's enthusiasm for Renan was in full bloom, he suggested a pilgrimage to Byblos and Amsheet.

"My father," said he, "returned last week from his pilgrimage to the Haramain (the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina), and I would now start on a pilgrimage which might be called a continuation of his own. For has not the Mohammedan religion, even like the genius of Renan, been nourished by the spirit of a great woman? Khedijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you!"—And thus he continued to rhapsodise on our way to ancient Byblos, where the sister of the French philosopher is buried.

II

It is well known that Henriette Renan had a great influence upon the life of her famous brother; but it is little known what influence Syria had upon the author of *The Life of Jesus*. Indeed, this excellent book might be called a collaboration: it is written by Ernest Renan, his sister Henriette, and my mother Syria. Now, of the three authors, not of their work, I would speak. Pilgrims to Mecca refresh themselves on the wayfare with the verses of the Koran and the sayings of the Prophet. Which excellent idea I might imitate on the way to Byblos by

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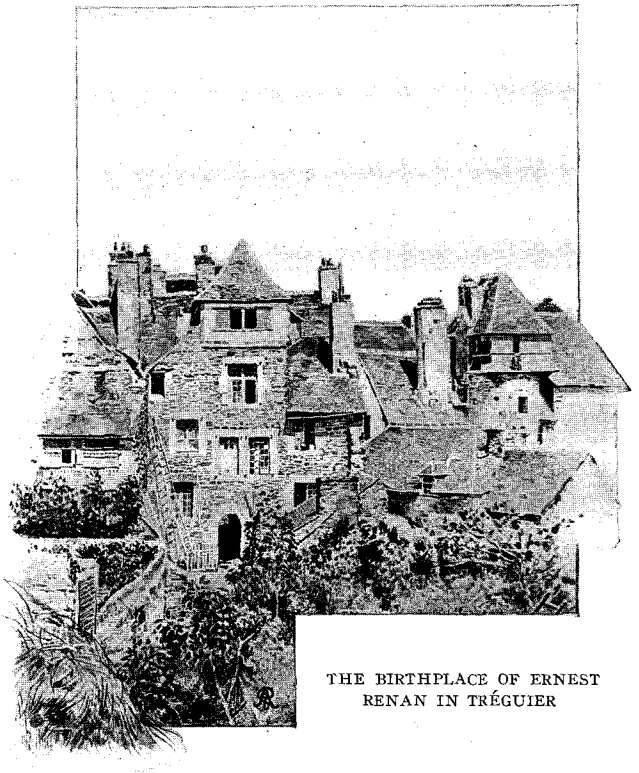
relating briefly the story of the brother and sister.

Henriette was twelve years older than Ernest. Descendants of seamen and peasants, they were dowered with the naïveté and spiritual insight the sea fosters and the health and breadth of vision born of the country expanse—I do not know that the law of heredity always works in harmony with the theory of the scientific biographer. But Henriette was her father's daughter. She was of a melancholic disposition; timid, yet firm; elusive, yet direct. Hence that sentimental rationalism which developed in her. She had an aversion for the noise and *éclat* of the world. Of her mother's wit and gaiety, which were shared by her brother, she had little or nothing. In her, timidity, which is the cradle of thought, was rocked by the hand of melancholy. She could not appreciate the smile of the puzzled soul, or the incensed spirit; the smile of a Voltaire, in which her brother found a certain philosophy. For like Voltaire, Renan, in his early writings, dipped his pen in the inkwell of irony and sarcasm, indulging somewhat in persiflage. But this did not please Henriette; and Ernest, who loved and revered his sister, always studied her wishes. Hence, the sacrifice he made, for her sake, of the spirit he inherited from his mother. Were it not for the witchery of his style, one would almost wish he had not made such a sacrifice. The profound religious sentiments of Henriette was one with the soil and atmosphere of Brittany. The little Episcopal village of Tréguier, her birthplace, with its convents and chateaus, its castles and cathedral, its beautiful gardens and romantic forests, its historic and poetic charm, escaped the ravaging hand of the Revolution. The castle-keep, however, was still in the shadow of the church steeple, and from the hearth-stone rose the convent walls. In one of these convents Henriette received the rudiments of her education, and had she not been given a brother, she might have taken the veil. Of the gift of the nuns, however, she kept only the Psalms, treasured in her heart. And a daughter of one of the noble families that returned to Tréguier after the Emigration,—she was educated in England and distinguished for her taste and manners,—was subsequently her teacher. To her might be traced the influence which ultimately crushed the Catholic faith of Henriette.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ERNEST RENAN IN TRÉGUIER

The year her brother Ernest was born her father suffered heavy losses at sea. And she, the little girl, already a serious soul, gloomed with grave thoughts, obsessed with heavy presentiments, was alive to the responsibilities of her family and afforded her father much consolation. She was overjoyed at the birth of her

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brother. In the cradle of Ernest, God lighted for her this one torch of solacing love. And yet, through all the wealth of it, as through the poverty mantled hearth-stone itself, she could still perceive the convent walls and the light of the convent chapel. To the care of the sick and the education of young girls, she thought of devoting her entire energies and affections. And Renan afterward wished she might have done so. For she was destined to be the bride of sorrow.

Not long after the loss of his fortune, her father died a mysterious death. His ship came into the port of Tréguier without him. How and where he died was never known. But no calamity could ever extinguish the light of devotion in Henriette's heart. The future of her brother was now the one problem of her life. How poor they were at this time might be judged from this: one day she saw Ernest trying to hide a rent in his threadbare garment, and she wept.

Under the Restoration, the nobility, deprived by the Revolution of all its good qualities, had nothing left but its foolish pretensions, its cruel prejudices, its rascalities and pettinesses, which in the villages were rendered more pernicious and repulsive. And Tréguier, where Henriette opened a school, was not an exception. For the aristocracy, and the *bourgeoisie* aping the aristocracy, would only entrust their children to proper religious institutions. Henriette's school was consequently deserted. The excellences of her character were here the very cause of her failure. Renan himself says, speaking of Paul, "Our faults render us strong in action, our good qualities weaken us." And Henriette could not combat the reigning prejudices of the times. Her delicate esoteric charm, which is a certain power, was veiled from the eyes of the vulgar by the loftiness and aloofness of her spirit. People saw in her only the school teacher. But a young man of intelligence and distinction, who must have seen also her ravishing hands and the pensive sweetness in her eyes, conceived for her an affection which she did not cherish. She preferred poverty to the riches and comfort which she could not share with her family.

And so, she continued a solitary wayfarer, finding her solace in the struggle, nourishing her affections with the menna of duty performed. A position was offered her in one of the boarding-schools of Paris, which she accepted. But not long after she had been there, she began to suffer from nostalgia and other alien ills. The great metropolis was to her an arid waste; not a well of friendship, not a single shadow of generous sentiment was there. The voice of the good and the beautiful was beginning to lose for her its sweetness. Such delicate flowers of the spirit, how can they thrive in the great city, where even the greater number of the hardy plants must fail?

The frivolity and pettiness and selfishness which atmosphered the boarding-schools of Paris aroused her hatred and contempt. Her religious ideas were gradually undergoing a material change. She began to see the insufficiency of all religious dogma. In the unfolding of her mental vision, in the growing scope of her knowledge and experience, her rational spirit was finding itself. But deep in her inmost soul she preserved that gift of nature, that faith sublime, which no philosophy, no science, no culture, no terrible experiences of the world can shake.

Her brother was fifteen years of age when she called him to Paris. Already, in a little seminary at Tréguier, Ernest had the clerical seal applied to his mind. But it was not such as to be impervious to other influences. Henriette, who was not overjoyed at the idea of his becoming a priest, respected, nevertheless, the faith of a child. And never did she utter the word which might have sown a doubt on the path he had chosen.

In 1841, leaving him in St. Sulpice, she went to Poland as private teacher. On the lugubrious banks of the Bug, in a climate as inclement as that of Brittany, she drank for six whole years of the bitter cup of exile. But she found this time, in the noble family she lived with, a true nobility of heart which saved her own affections from the poison of disappointment and despair. For the first time, indeed, she felt the joy of her task and the consoling friendliness of her surroundings. Leaving Poland, she travelled

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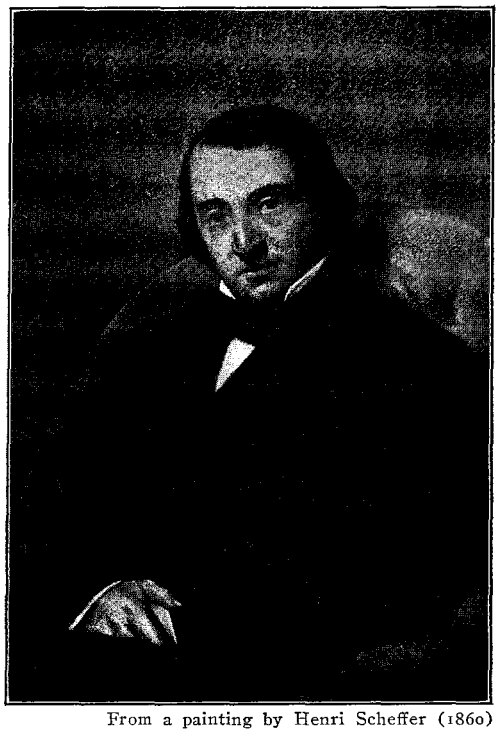
in Germany and in Italy, which, of course, helped to ripen her ideas.

When her brother left St. Sulpice he was twenty-three years of age. His philological studies there had an abrading effect on his theology. The sealing-wax of the seminary of Tréguier was, indeed, melting away. His sister saw this and was pleased. And with her wonted delicacy, now that her Catholic faith was dead, she removed what remained of the theological wax. She was glad to hear of the doubts that tormented her brother. She helped to facilitate the solution of what to him seemed then insolvable.

Meanwhile, he pursued his studies independently, thanks to Henriette, who supplied him with twelve hundred francs a year. Which small sum he calls the corner-stone of his life. Her letters to him, full of counsel and encouragement and animated with the same unwavering affection, are exquisite tokens of her mature spirit. And thus, educating her brother, paying her father's debts, and clearing their little property, which she left free and unencumbered in the hands



From a painting by Henri Scheffer (1860)
ERNEST RENAN

From a photograph
HENRIETTE RENAN

of her mother, she ultimately triumphed over misfortune. But when in 1850 her brother rejoined her in Berlin, he read in the premature lines of her age in her face the terrible story of her struggle.

With little money and little economy, she furnished a little home for him, whose windows gave on the gardens of the Carmelite monks. And from now until their sojourn in Syria they lived together in a happy seclusion. Strange how brother and sister, with the doubts and questionings of their religious spirit, have almost always found themselves in conventual surroundings, breathing the clerical atmosphere. The memories of the years they passed in Rue L'Enfer close to the Carmelites, were ever dear to them. Their home, which lacked nothing, had a pleasant but severe charm. Henriette's taste always predominated. And under her guiding and inspiring genius, the mind and heart of her brother were finding their way in the dim mazes of philosophy and the enchanted vistas of fable. Not a colour, not a shade in the theories which were developing in him escaped her. She even guided his pen,

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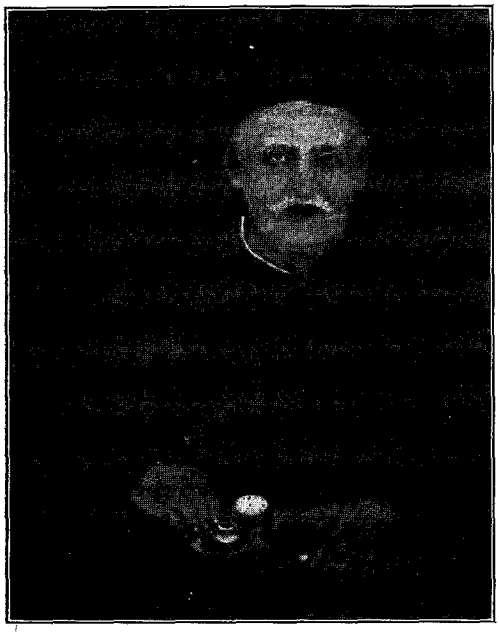

TAKEN FROM A PAINTING OF ZAKHIA, THE HOST OF RENAN

helping in the chastening of his style.

In the Orient there are certain sterile personalities, remarkable in their intensity and intuitiveness, who can create nothing themselves, but can inspire others to do so. Jelal'ud-Din Rumy, the great Parisian Sufi, would have gone through life like an empty dolium, were it not for his friend and master Shams'ud-Din Tabrizi. And Shams'ud-Din did nothing but play chess with fair-faced lads, his life companions, and every now and then he would give Jelal'ud-Din's soul a nudge, as it were, and a torch, and tell him to go about his business. Whereupon, the Sufi would retire to rhapsodise and the divine flâneur would resume his game of chess with his fair-faced companion. Inscrutable are the ways of revelation. Henriette Renan, I take it, was such a personality. "She was a force in my intellectual life," says her brother. But she, of course, could never be idle; her capacity for work was prodigious. Can any one say, however, how far the contrary elements of a personality succeed in the creation of alien qualities? It may not be wrong to trace her innate but unfurbished piety to the influence of that noble young lady, her teacher in Tréguier. Indeed, one can almost see the Puritan in Henriette; but a French Puritan is different from an English one. A French Puritan ceases even to be French. Such stolid piety grafted, as in this case, on the romantic nature of a Breton, gives us something akin to Oriental dervishism. Then there are other forces and other traits. Her naïveté and timidity and sentimentality she had from her father; but the firmness of her character and the austerity of her disposition were given her by misfortune and the eagerness to resist the gifts of misfortune.

Can one ever triumph over the faith which is inseparable from the milk of one's mother's breast? Indeed, even the divine glow on a mother's face during the suckling while, must go to the soul of her child. And whether that child becomes a criminal or a philosopher, it is still there calling for sympathy or admiration. That divine glow I find in the philosophy of Renan and in the life of his sister. For although she had rejected the supernatural, she continued to cherish, not only the spirit of Christianity, but the charming souvenirs of Catholicism,—the chants, the Psalms, the pious observances,—in which she was cradled. And how she must have enjoyed these souvenirs in Mt. Lebanon. I can see her going to church with the Maronite peasants as she did with the peasants of Tréguier, taking her child-brother with her, sheltering him under her pelerine from the rain. And now, under the pelerine of the Universal Conscience, as it were, I behold them on the terrace of their home in Ghazir, revelling in the beautiful scenery of Kisrawan, the cradle and prison of the Maronite faith. And in the evening, swayed by the doubts and beliefs of all ages, lulled in the sacred atmosphere of mystery and antiquity, they would discuss religion and philosophy. The analytical mind of the brother, the intuitive spirit of the sister, they rise like giant pines on two opposite hilltops, in the shadow of the same church, pointing to the same load star whose infinite distance bridges all the finite distances of human thought.

Henriette, we are told, was not a deist

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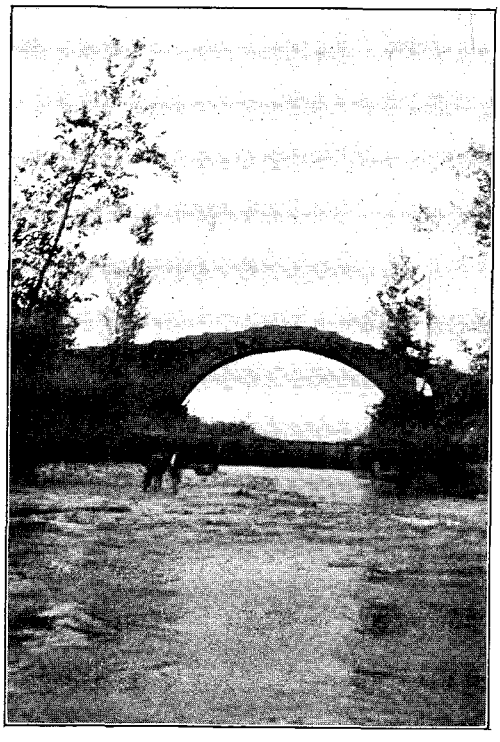
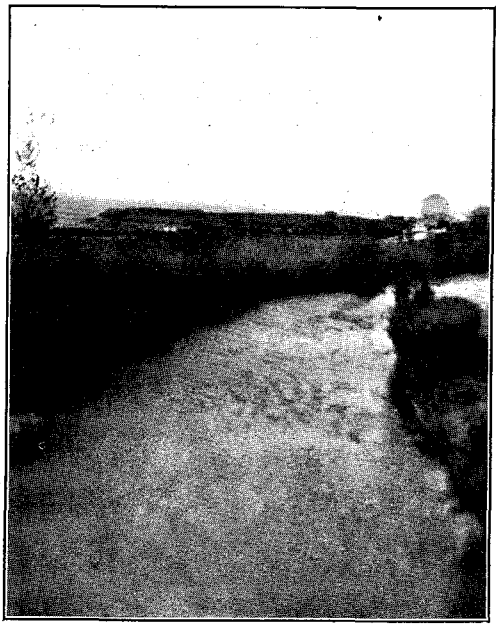
in the common acceptation of the word. Her God—but your God, O Henriette, is ours. And the seven times seven hundred veils that veil Him we dare not touch with human hands. Also we reject your brother's theory of a God *inconscient* and an immortality purely ideal. To us, too, there is this that is clear. With a religious faith or without it, you did your best; the good and the beautiful have always been your guiding stars; and in your shrine of sorrow the lamp of devotion was ever burning.

III

In Amsheet people wonder to-day why any one should visit the tomb of Henriette, the sister of the French *kafir* (infidel). And the priest who occupies now the same house, living in the same room in which she died and where parts of *The Life of Jesus* were written, is himself a graduate of St. Sulpice and seems to know more about "motives and intentions" than the Jesuits. "Renan," he said, "was hired by a rich Jew to write *The Life of Jesus*. And his sister, who



THE RIVER ADONIS



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RIVER ADONIS

dressed like a nun and went to church with the people of the village, helped him in the work. She was as bad as he." But the kind Toubiyah, who is the son of Zakhia, who was the host of the Renans, and whose wine is as delicious as his superstitions, would not have us write anything about the matter, because of his fear that we would be unearthing a buried heresy. Nor would he show us the souvenirs, from Renan to his father, which he has hidden in a pipkin, being, in his eye, we suppose, a part of that terrible heresy which should not be brought to light. He would offer us the hospitality of his home for a year; present us with the key to his wine-cellar; place his horses and his carriage at our disposal; aye, he would strip himself to clothe us; despoil himself to enrich us; but the souvenirs?—No, no, no.—"There is nothing, there is nothing," he swore. "Do you think I would withhold such trifles from my honoured guests, if I had them? No; life of this bread we break together, no."

We felt, nevertheless, that the souvenirs were coming. We lunched and hobnobbed with our host, smoked narghilahs, too, and dilated, with an ulterior purpose, we confess, on the kinship existing be-

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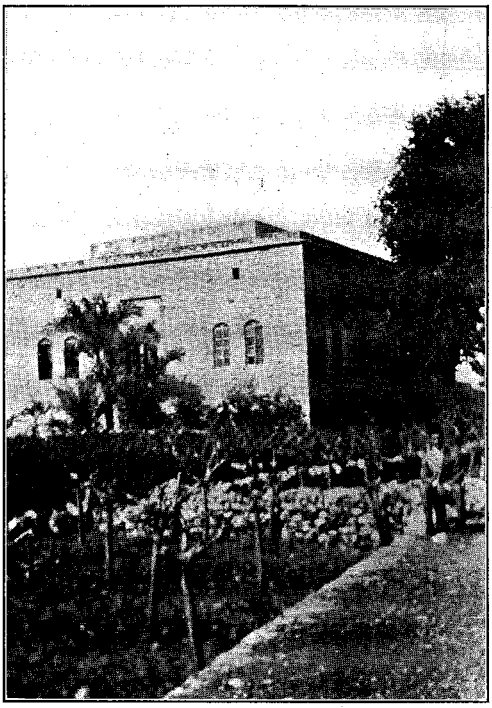
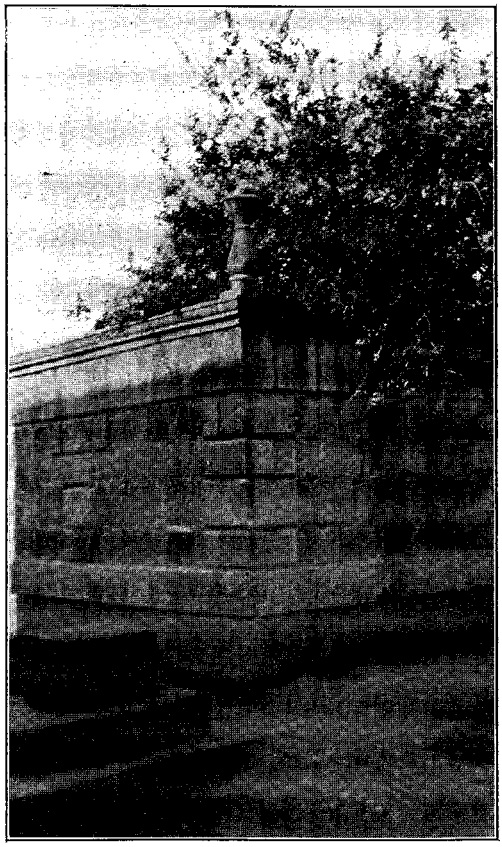


THE HOUSE IN AMSHEET IN WHICH "THE LIFE OF JESUS" WAS WRITTEN

tween our Lebanon mountains and such countries in Europe as Brittany. The customs and the dress of the people there, their strange legends, their beautiful superstitions are much alike those of the Lebanonese. We instanced the superstition of the bells. On the eve of the Epiphany in Mt. Lebanon the church bells all kneel in adoration, and the people behold the miracle—with the eye of faith. So, too, the natives of Tréguier, who, on Thursday of Holy Week, gathered on the hilltop around the ruins of the church of St. Michael to witness the bells going to Rome for the blessing of the Pope. And Renan and his sister—this to our host Toubyiah—saw those bells in baptismal robes traversing the limitless spaces even as you see the bells of Lebanon kneeling in adoration. He was struck with wonder. The guests of his father must have been honest Catholics. And the souvenirs—we did not have to mention again. Toubyiah nodded his satisfaction, whispered a word in the ear of the priest and, leaving the room, returned in a trice with a book, some papers and a gun in his hand.

"This," showing the photograph of Renan, presented, *A mon vieux ami Zakhia.* "And this,"—a letter to *Mon tres cher ami,* in which Renan extends the hospitality of his home to Zakhia, if he should ever visit Paris. "And this," showing the gun, a token of gratitude from the philosopher and his sister to their kind host. "And this,"—the most important in his eye,—an official letter from the Foreign Secretary of the Empire, who is commanded by the Emperor to thank Zakhia for the assistance he afforded the Commission and the hospitality and so forth, exhorting him at the close to continue to cherish the love of France,—for sending her savants, we suppose, to—desecrate the graves of our ancestors!

The good Toubyiah then accompanied us to the house in which Henriette died



THE TOMB OF HENRIETTE

"And they laid her in the vault, near the village church, between the shadow of the oak and the shadow of the palm."

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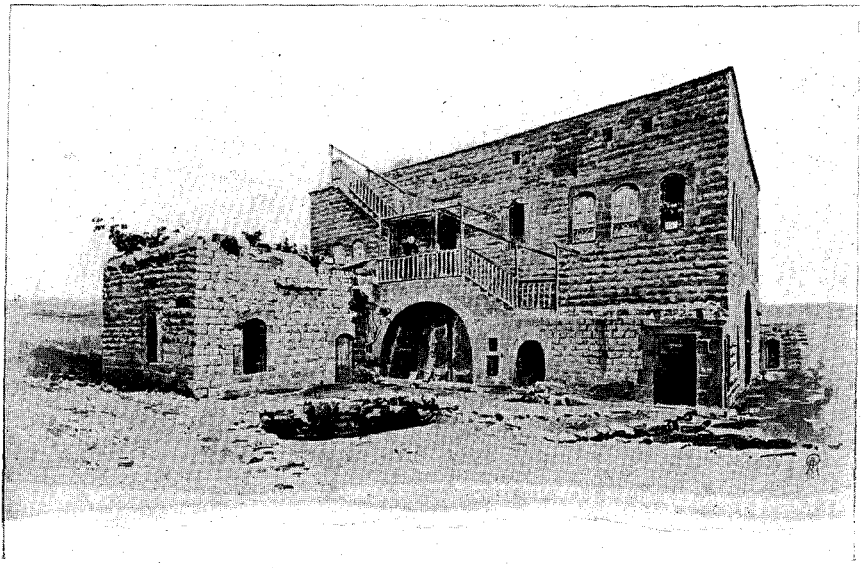
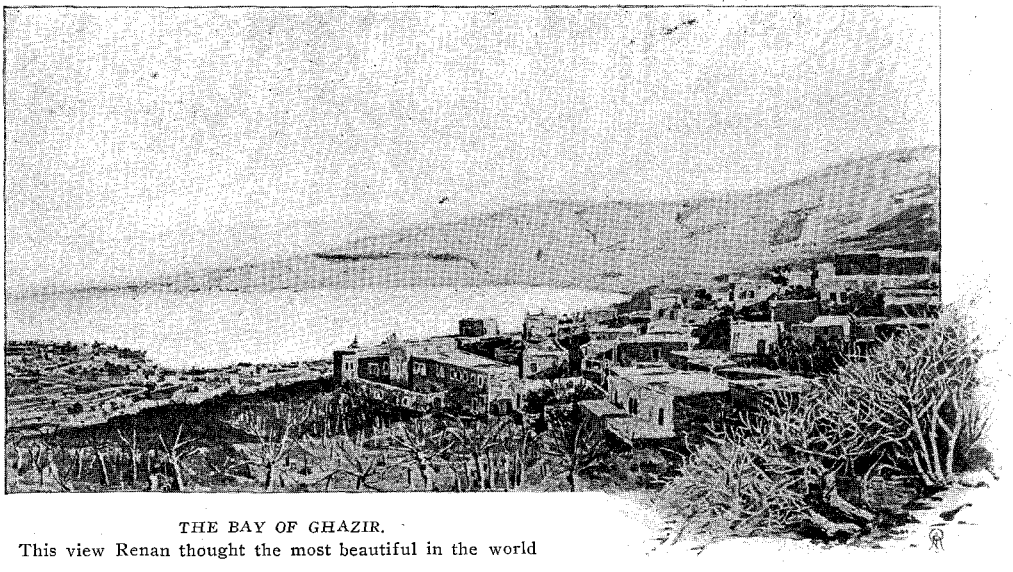


THE HOUSE OF AMSHEET

and to the vault in which she is buried. And when we were about to leave, he expressed his regret that he could not go with us as far as Jbail; was sorry, too, we could not remain his guests for two or three weeks; and insisted on our coming again in the grape season to share his tents in the vineyard.

IV

In the summer of 1860, when Renan, accompanied by his sister and his wife, entered upon his scientific mission in ancient Phœnicia, Mt. Lebanon was the seat of war between the Druses and the Christians. And France, who had long pampered the Maronites with her questionable affections, would now remedy the matter if possible. Her squadron was in the Port of Beirut, and her soldiers, in the Lebanon hills, were sowing in the Lebanon home the seeds of the love of their country and incidentally of their own. England, of course, protested.



THE BAY OF GHAZIR.
This view Renan thought the most beautiful in the world

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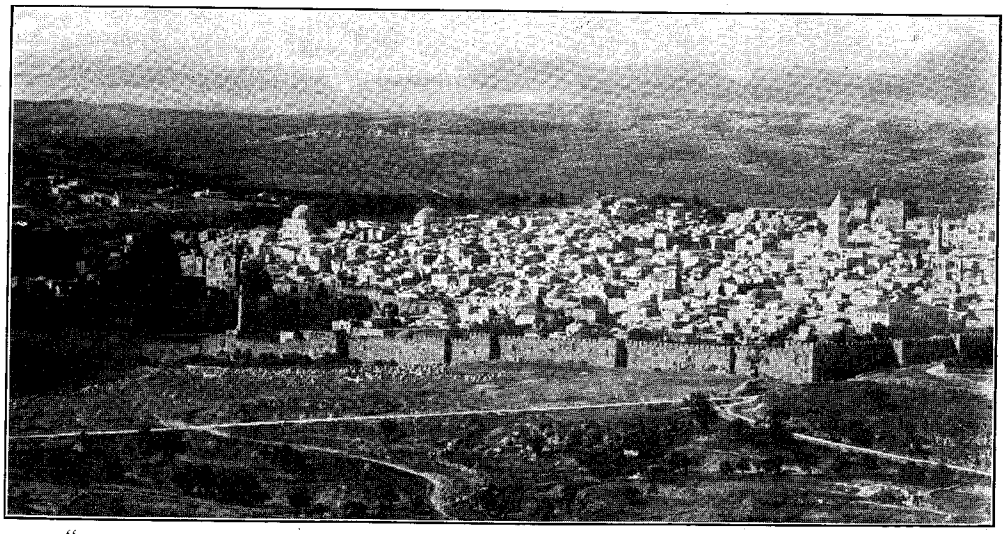
AMSHEET
"In Syria, Amsheet was the centre of their action"

She not only coveted Egypt then, but also had her eye on Syria. Meanwhile, blood continued to flow, and France had to change her monœuvres. Now, one might have a slight suspicion about this scientific mission of Renan, especially after seeing in the Louvre the Renan Collection. To be sure, the game was not worth the candle. No; a scientific mission of Napoleon III could not have been altogether so uninterestingly scientific. Palgrave, too, who was commissioned to explore the Nejd country of Arabia, was another one of those scientific instruments of the Emperor's foreign policy. Big with benevolent intentions were the designs of Napoleon le Petit. Indeed, even the Turk Fuad Pasha admitted that that French Sovereign was a wily one. And I, for one, do not like to associate Renan in this archæological business. I prefer to think of him coming to Syria and Palestine to get the proper tone and atmosphere for his *Life of Jesus*. And to be sure, he got this.

His sister accompanied him everywhere. In the valley of the Jordan, on the summits of the Lebanon mountains, along the shores of ancient Phœnicia, through the fastnesses of the Yarmouk, her steps followed his;—she saw what he saw, heard what he heard, felt what he felt. Their sojourn in Syria was the source of unmixed and most vivid joy for her. It was the sole recompense of her life. And without her assistance, Renan tells us, he could not have accomplished in so short a time what he had marked out in his extensive programme. She was indefatigable. She collected his



"WE ACCOMPANY THEM THROUGH JERUSALEM, SEEING ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF IT"

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materials, copied and revised his writings, kept the account of the expenditures, and jotted down her own notes of the journey. Her views on points of history and art and archæology, he almost always adopted. For she, too, was a mature scholar. Indeed, they journeyed together in every sense of the word. Solid in the saddle, agile of foot, she rode and walked where few women, even few mountain peasants, would. The winding brambled ravine-roads of the Lebanons, the narrow dizzy paths in the escarpments, the hardship and privation which archæological expeditions entail, never for a moment daunted her. But they did work insidiously against her health.

The autumn and the spring of Syria are entrancing. The one suggests Turner, the other Byron. In the one as in the other the mystery and glow of the ethereal and the material cannot reach a deeper reticence, a higher grandeur. Yes, spring is speech, which of course is silver; autumn is silence, which is gold. And we have enough of it in the glow of the autumn sunset, to mention nothing else. With these the Renans were charmed. The simple in the beautiful, which touched Henriette so profoundly, was here languishing in a sainted atmosphere. And the grandeur in the contrasts almost rises to the terrible. The cool waters flowing from the rocks under the burning sun; the mountains plunging here wildly into the sea and gracefully sloping there to the sandy shore;—a most suggestive picture, especially when softened by the haze of the dawn or the mauve of the sundown.

Their sojourn was indeed a hymn of joy in their hearts. We accompany them through Jerusalem, seeing only the beautiful side of it; through Nablous, losing in its lovely valley the impression which the fanatical population produces on a stranger; up to Mt. Carmel with its sea of flowers many hundred feet above the sea; down to Galilee, "a devastated terrestrial paradise" upon which Mt. Hermon looks down, ever white with rage; and to the Lake Genezareth where the sacred doves still coo around the empty cradle of Christianity. We concern not ourselves with any particular sacred locality; the holy spots, where the monks and friars build temples to the Divinity of Conjecture, as it were,—where falsehood and fable are consecrated,—do not interest us. We only seek the idea, the spirit, the general impression. That is what Henriette sought, and found, and communicated to her brother. The whisperings of Time, not the clamour of the times, they heard. And wheresoever they went, especially in the Lebanons, they met with a hospitality in which the attention and affection of the people reflected the simple charm of their customs and manners.

They loved the Maronites. And to their Patriarch in his winter seat at Bkirkè, they paid a visit, not of courtesy, to be sure, but of true esteem and admiration. They found the venerable ancient surrounded by his bishops living in rural simplicity. Which rural simplicity, we were told recently, is no longer compatible with the spirit of the age. Beshrew this spirit of the age!

In Syria, Amsheet was their centre of action. But the comfort they enjoyed in Zakhia's home, they did not and could not find in their mountain expeditions. The last of these, I think, proved fatal to Henriette. At Mashnaka, near the river Adonis, they slept for three nights in mud huts; and in the convent of Mar Yakoub, a few days later, she felt the effect of this. At Hilta, after descending from the cold peaks of Tannourin to the burning plains of Toula, she was taken ill. The women of the village, never having seen a European, press round her, and, eager to be of service, add to her suffering. They hurry back to Amsheet, where she rests a few days. But Amsheet, only a hundred feet above the sea, is not agreeable in the summer. They remove, therefore, to Ghazir, riding up the mountains in the moonlight.

And there, after Henriette had somewhat recuperated, there, in the calm and peace of the hills, Renan wrote a Life of Jesus, which he brought down to the great Founder's last journey to Jerusalem. With what zest, with what joy and enthusiasm he worked, only those whose soul has tasted of the divine solitude of the hills can thoroughly appreciate. Delicious but too soon vanishing hours! How often have we, too, echoed

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these sighs of Renan. From morning till evening he worked, dipping his pen in the autumn sunset, bathing his thoughts in the sunrise, clothing them in the limpidness of the Syrian sky. And Henriette copied and retouched the pages that came from his hand, fresh with the dew of his heart, brilliant with the flame of his spirit, veiling the harshness of the logic of it, even as the purple haze of the morning veils, and lends beauty to, the barren cliffs and escarpments of the mountains. "This book," said Henriette to him, "I shall love, because we worked together on it, and because it pleases me."

On the terrace of their home under a sky so clear that the light of the full moon adds brilliancy to the stars, they would pass the evenings discussing their work. Her reflections were to him revelations. And her joy of these nights and days was complete. Her cup was overflowing. But in the East, as tradition goes, when the saki fills you the cup to the brim he means you harm. Could Fate have been such a saki to Henriette? For though their moral and intellectual intercourse was never so intense, their communion never so intimate, still a passing melancholy now and then atmosphered this ineffable felicity. The suffering of Henriette, it seems, was but alleviated by the joy of her task. In September they bid adieu, but not without tears, to Ghazir and its beautiful surroundings. And before their return, for their mission was now accomplished, they passed a few more happy days in Beirut.

There remained, however, some sarcophagi in the neighbourhood of Jbail to be delivered on board the cruiser *Caton*. This work could have been done by the commander. But Byblos was still calling to them. And they were loath to leave Syria without paying a last visit to Amsheet. So they returned on board the *Caton* to Jbail. And among their old friends at Amsheet, who received them with open arms, they passed ten more days, the last of the life of Henriette. No one, however, seemed to foresee the approaching calamity. And on the terrace of that beautiful house, in the sheen of the moon, the sea and Byblos at their feet, the lights of Beirut in the distance, they drank the last draught of that cup of bliss ineffable. Indeed, I can almost feel, as I trace these lines, that all the antique cults of Syria were incarnate in them, so intoxicated were they with the hidden wonders of the limitless and limpid spirit of the nights of Byblos.

They resumed again their work on *The Life of Jesus*. In the day and in the evening, before her fatal illness, they worked as usual, together. But one day of a sudden she had an attack of that fever which in the autumn is endemic on the shores of Syria. And this was accompanied with atrocious neuralgic pains. A few days later her brother too was struck down by it. The doctor of the *Caton* was called, but he afforded them little assistance. For this pernicious fever, which the native leeches ward off by blood-letting in the spring, or combat with simples and heavy doses of sulphate of quinine, was not familiar to him. So messages were despatched to Beirut. The chief surgeon of the French Squadron straightway made for Jbail by sea, and a resident French physician, familiar with the diseases of Syria, hurried overland with a native doctor.

Meanwhile, Renan continued to work on his book. But he found afterward that what he wrote during these intervals was incoherent and recondite. The fever progressed. Henriette was languishing in a room opposite his own. One day about sunset she was able to come to her brother. She leaned on the couch and fumbled in his papers. She tried to, but could not, work. She looked out of the ogive-window, which opens on Jabal Mousa in the distance, where legend places the death of Adonis, and turned to Ernest weeping. She was conscious of her approaching end. She spoke of her mother, of little Ary, Renan's son, and of making her will.

"I have loved you very much," she said. "Sometimes my affections have caused you pain. I have been unjust, exclusive, exacting; but that is because I loved you as one seldom loves, perhaps as one should not be loved." She goes back to her room, and brother and sister never see each other again. The thought that he could not be beside her in her agony tormented him throughout his life.

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On the following day, the commander of the *Caton* sent his sailors with a litter to remove Henriette to Beirut. The doctors also arrived. A hovering of anxious wings, a heavy whispering of sorrow shadowed the atmosphere of Amsheet. Zakhia and his family and friends sat in the grand hall weeping. The village was a sort of capital where these two sovereigns of the affections of its people lie dying.

A consultation was held. The curé, who is also a medicine man, made his way through the crowd to suggest to the doctors bloodletting. But the curé was too late. And heavy doses of sulphate of quinine could no longer be of help to Henriette. The fever had done its work.

"How is she?" the brother in his delirium inquired.

"She is very ill," replied Antoune, their servant. "How is she?" he asked again, half asleep.

"She is dead."

And this was in the morning of Tuesday, September 24, 1862. The curé, who came too late again, performed the extreme unction according to the rites of the Maronites. And her brother, only a few steps away from her, was in a state of unconsciousness. In the night of her agony he seemed to hear her calling to him from her grave. His own case was now become critical, and he was not permitted to see her. They removed him to the *Caton* in the litter which was brought for Henriette.

And Henriette was laid in the vault of the father of Zakhai, who offered it on condition that if ever her remains are removed, they should place there the inscription, "Here once reposed a French woman."

Thou noble soul of the Lebanon hills, this noble soul of Brittany is worthy of thy sorrow and thy tears. The people of Amsheet walked in her funeral amidst the heavy flow of incense and the impressive Syriac chant of the Maronite priests. And they laid her in the vault, near the village church, between the shadow of the oak and the shadow of the palm.

THE TATTLER

I

BOOKS ABOUT WRITING

I HAVE just been reading what purports to be a collection of the sayings of the world's great writers on the subject of how to write. It is designed expressly as a handbook for professional authors, who are thus to help themselves out of specific difficulties by a reference to the casual maxims of their predecessors. There is something delightfully innocent about this idea: it is like telling a young man to form his character upon a dictionary of quotations. And the final beauty of this book is that the sayings of the masters are extremely difficult to find in it; being buried, like diamonds in the clay, under a mass of general inferences and platitudes in a volume without rational arrangement and without any index whatever. It is a melancholy example of the wild attempts that are being made to assist authorship through the medium of books about writing.

There is a large and increasing number of such books, many of them excellent in their way; but they show a good deal of confusion as to the scope and function of books about writing in teaching people to write. Assuming that writing can in some measure be taught, the first thing to be remembered is that an author has not merely to learn something, like a scholar, but to learn to do something, like a craftsman. To learn history or philosophy or mathematics is merely to absorb certain matters into your mind; but to learn writing or carpentry or golf is also to become capable of putting into practice what you know. And that is the most difficult part of it: it is not merely a study to be apprehended but a faculty to be trained. Of course there is a pure study of literature, but

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that is primarily the business of scholars and critics; it concerns authorship only as the study of economics concerns the politician. And that is precisely where our present trouble comes in. Our writers are not taught personally by masters of their art, like our painters and musicians; they are taught only by their own experiments and by books; and the books are written almost exclusively by critics and professors of literature; that is, by men whose province is the study, not the practice, of the art. It is as if painters were trained only by reading Ruskin, or as if there were no one to teach baseball except the reporters.

Now in any craft, it is necessary to know something of what has been done, in order to understand what you have to do. The golfer must know the object and rules of the game, the uses of his several clubs, and the objects of various strokes. So the writer must know something of literature, past and present, of the nature of certain types, and the laws of certain forms. Thus far he is comfortably within the province of scholarship; the models and their critics are there to show him what is demanded of him. He must further become familiar with the general principles of his technique; climax, proportion, and clearness, to stop at the end of a story, to make characters depict themselves, to keep a play visual and a narrative in motion, to suit the style to the idea; just as the golfer must be told to keep his eye on the ball, to stand further forward in approaching, and to play behind a ball lying in sand. There is a great body of this technical doctrine, ranging all the way from general principles, like fixing one main idea, to such detailed counsels as the avoidance of similar vowels in successive rhymes. These also may be found in books, although less readily; for most technical principles from being the proverbs of craftsmen have become the common property of critics. And most of the best books about writing deal with the analysis of materials and methods and the statement of maxims of craftsmanship. But the crux of the whole matter remains: it is one thing to tell a man exactly what to do, and quite another to enable him to do it. "Govern these ventages with your fingers, and it will discourse most excellent music." Yes, but it won't: it makes a noise like the wind in a keyhole. "Make your characters talk naturally." How can I? The more I try the more stilted they sound. "Don't press." The answer to this had better not be printed.

Here is the central problem: not only to tell a man what to do, but to show him how to do it; not only the teaching of technique, but the training of expression; given the full cup of knowledge and the inspired lip of talent, to minimise the many slips that lie between. It will not do to object that this gap is bridged by practice or Genius, or that it cannot be bridged at all. Without stopping to analyse these half-truths, the measure of their application may be seen clearly enough in parallel cases. You cannot learn surgery from books; but no one tries to learn it without them. A natural fighter can and must learn by practice; but he will be the better for being taught to box. In every other craft, serious or trivial, we recognise the importance of this practical apprenticeship; and there is not the shadow of reason for denying it in the case of the craft of writing. Properly, of course, this training is the province of the teacher. He is there to illustrate and to explain, to correct errors and to suggest exercises. Everybody knows how hard it is to carry out the simplest operation from written directions, however full and clear; and how much easier it is when you have somebody to show you how. The tyro's difficulty is always some concrete problem of detail, seemingly not covered by the rules; and only the master can see it from his standpoint, and cut across the tangle of directions with "See here; do it in this way." Everywhere else, in all the other arts, we have the advantage of this personal teaching; and we ought, of course, to have it in Literature. But we have not, and we cannot have it for the asking. For the present, we must get along without authoritative schools of writing, like our schools of painting and music. Young writers must forego the privilege of personal direction by their elders in the craft. So far as authorship is taught

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at all, it must for some time to come be taught through books. The manual cannot, indeed, supplant the teacher; but it can be, and should be, devised with the practical purpose of offering some substitute for actual instruction.

This is at once the difficulty and the need. We have the models; we have a confusing wealth of analysis and commentary; we have some little valuable technical analysis, showing how effects are produced, and stating technical principles. The problem is to aid the learner in applying these principles, to anticipate specific errors and questions, to suggest practical means for strengthening his weak points and developing his talents. And this problem once definitely stated, its answer is not very far to seek. We want, in a word, text-books of writing that shall be more like other text-books: dogmatic in theory, so as not to muddle the student with alternatives before he has grasped any one rule; detailed in the analysis of examples and in the statement of principles, so that he may see just how a certain thing is done; full of the little maxims and tricks of the trade; and supported at every point with practical exercises. Obviously, such books would be written, if at all, rather by craftsmen than by critics; and this is precisely the reason why we have so few good books about writing, that they are nearly all the work of scholars and connoisseurs rather than of writers. The situation is summed up in that acrid epigram of Shaw: "He who can does; he who cannot teaches." There is nothing extraordinary or utopian in suggesting that the authors ought to write the books on authorship: it is only what we demand in all similar cases, as a matter of common sense. But if we cannot induce those who know to impart their knowledge, if we are driven to demand of the critics that they tell us how to do that which they cannot do themselves, we may at least ask them to assume somewhat the craftsman's point of view, which is also the point of view of the learner. For the learner seeks not general theory but detailed practice. He does not want a definition of style; still less does he want to be told that style comes by nature; he wants to be told to practise imitation or translating, or to test the smoothness of his sentences by reading them rapidly aloud. We ought to have authoritative teaching in Literature as in the other arts; but that, just now, is past praying for. Failing this, we ought to have text-books instead of treatises, instructions instead of discussions. How To Do It instead of only What To Do; and of these practical aids to good writing there is a great and unnecessary lack.

Brian Hooker

II

WE WANT STORIES

LIABILITIES

½ one pad, at 10c.	$0.05
Cost typewriting 3500 word story.	1.50
Postage	.24
Estimated cost of writing, revising, rewriting and re-rewriting 3500 word story, 40 hours, at—to put it modestly—50c. an hour	20.00
Estimated value of 40 hours, in which you might have read, gone to the theatre, played bridge, billiards, poker, danced, slept, talked, thought, etc., etc., etc.	40.00
Estimated value of hope deferred, glorious visions vanished, ambition quenched, disappointment, disillusionment, disgust, etc.	1,000.00
Total	$1,061.79

ASSETS

One publisher's note to the effect that "We have carefully read the manuscript which you were kind enough to send us, and regret that we are unable to make you a proposal for its publication. In saying this we do not express any judgment as to the merits of the manuscript, etc. Value	$0.00
One rejected manuscript. Value.	0.00
Total	$0.00

In arranging this statement the liabilities, contrary to general custom, are placed before the assets. But this is as

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it should be when one is exposing a condition of utter bankruptcy.

Gentle reader, in turning over the pages of your favourite magazine has your attention ever been caught by that seductive invitation,—WE WANT STORIES? It appears, when it does appear, on the sacredly confidential, intimate, heart-to-heart page of editorial chit-chat to the readers. Keep your finger on that page a few minutes, fasten your eyes on it, and listen to the siren song:

WE WANT STORIES

Some of the greatest writers of the world have been short-story writers—Boccaccio, De Foe, De Maupassant, Daudet, Poe, O. Henry, and others too numerous to mention.

Very true. And some of the greatest writers have been geniuses. But not all of them. Nor have all the people in the world been writers.

Every man, every woman has at least one story to tell. This means *you*.

Oh ancient, time-worn, barefaced falsehood. Go to your butcher and find out if he can tell at least one story that will be printed in your favourite magazine. Become intimate with the conductor who takes your tickets, and discover if he possesses such a story. Investigate your relatives, your friends, and see if they are really potential authors. Ask an editor, if you happen to know one, if he has ever freed his system of that one story. And why is it possible for every one to tell at least one real story, and not be able to paint at least one good picture, compose at least one sonata, write at least one play?

From every-day experience, from your own heart history, you should be able to put on paper a real story. You may not know that you can write. But you never know what you can do until you try.

Absolutely, unanswerably true. You may not know that you are a sculptor, but get a block of marble, a chisel and a mallet, and try. You may not know that you can handle an aeroplane, but jump into one and manipulate, manipulate.

We believe that there are thousands of unwritten little masterpieces, waiting only for the right encouragement to be produced.

Oh child-like, unquestioning faith!

Your favourite magazine now offers that encouragement. Here it is:

Then follows the dazzling array of prizes; and perhaps, as further encouragement to the reluctant, a few outlines of the most acceptable kinds of stories. If you can't write a funny story, write a sad story,—recipes for making both varieties being cheerfully given. If you balk at a love tale, try your hand on a good old-fashioned blood and thunder, murder and mystery thriller. And of course there will be a final fillip; a last dangling of the bait; something like:

We want stories of any and all kinds. This opportunity may be the beginning of a new and unthought-of career for you. Remember, some writers regularly receive a dollar a word for their short stories.

If this alluring invitation is accepted, then a balance sheet like that which heads this article will probably be the result. But if it is considered dispassionately and searchingly, as one would scrutinise a circular that boisterously summons to the raising of oranges, or apples, or mortgages, or gold out of the earth and be assured of one hundred per cent. per annum, there is a chance for scepticism to creep in. Why, if it is so easy to write a good short story, if there is such a superfluity of mute, inglorious Miltons, if the story in everyman and everywoman theory holds good,—why these clarion calls? Your favourite magazine ought to be submerged in stories all the time; or the editors and their friends ought to be producing them freely and easily from that fund of brief fiction which it is claimed is to be found in every one.

An inspiring magazine appeal for short stories, accompanied by sufficiently inviting prizes, will produce surprising results. Suppose that the prizes are:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	500.00
Third prize	250.00
And six other prizes of $100 each	600.00
Total	$2,350.00

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This is incentive enough to set thousands of pens to scribbling, thousands of brains to working overtime, thousands of tongues to licking postage stamps. Five thousand, ten, twelve, fifteen thousand and more manuscripts are commonly received in such a competition. Follow the editorial pages of your favourite magazine while such a contest is in progress, and read the gloatings. "Thirteen hundred stories received this week!" "Total to date, 9479!!" Read too, the plaints of the editors over the mass of work involved in reading and judging the avalanche of fiction they have let loose on themselves. Work, why shouldn't they work? What is their labour compared to the labour of ten thousand hapless story writers.

Let us adopt ten thousand, which is not excessive, as the number of manuscripts that will be received by your favourite magazine in its prize story contest. Then the total cost of postage stamps, at 24c. per, will amount to $2,400.00,—which is $50.00 more than the combined value of the prizes. The cost of the typewriting alone will be $15,000.00,—more than six times the value of those prizes. And the grand aggregate cost of producing those ten thousand stories, according to the moderate computation made at the beginning of this article, will be $10,617,900.00. In these days of conservation of timber, conservation of water power, of babies and hosts of other things, one miserable magazine makes nine people happy and disappoints 9,991; and it offers less than twenty-five hundred dollars for something that has cost more than ten million!

If this literary lottery method were applied to other occupations and professions, what curious aspects it would assume. Suppose that I should notify the proprietors of a thousand or so shoe stores that I desired to secure a pair of shoes, and out of all those they might offer I would be pleased to make a selection and return them a suitable emolument. Imagine offering all the lawyers in New York City a prize for the best last will and testament that one of their number could draw up for me. Think of the situation if magazines should carry out this practice to a logical conclusion, and secure their special articles, poems, "human documents," aye, and muck-rackings by means of prize contests. This last, by the way, seems rather a good idea. For whether every one has at least one good story to tell, or not, is a mooted question; but few would deny that most people are able to produce a first-rate muck-raking article about something or somebody. It is an idea, nevertheless, which should be adopted with caution; for the imagination is staggered at the thought of two or three editors trying to read ten thousand muck-raking stories on such a burning topic, say, as "The Cynicism of Sedalia."

The prize contest method of securing stories seems to be therefore open to criticism both for economical and ethical reasons. Such high hopes are roused in so many thousands of hearts, and such a meagre pittance of happiness is doled out. A few hundred dollars are given in exchange for love, labour, excitement, sacrifice, expectation, which, if they could be reduced to a monetary basis, would amount to many, many times the value of the prizes. When you read in your favourite magazine the editor's self-complacent account of the bestowal of the prizes, do not be unduly impressed by the delight and success of the winners. There are only nine of them anyway, and of this number it is a fair wager that seven are seasoned old hands, used to writing stories, and selling them too for a good price, so that the taking of a prize more or less is to them only a matter of moderate self-congratulation. Forget them, and remember the nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-one defeated and disappointed ones. How much pleasure has been foregone, how much work neglected, what devotion and determination have been expended, only that they might realise what it is to fail. Among that ten thousand, there are doubtless women, who were virtuous, capable housewives until that notice—WE WANT STORIES—came to them as the serpent came to Eve. They fell, and while they proved the fine theory that at least one good story is inherent in every woman, babies have wept

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themselves to sleep, the buttons and digestions alike of husbands have been neglected, and household expenses have mounted to the top notch of the high cost of living. Some men of mature years, there are too, among the victims, fond husbands, kind fathers, good providers, who for a few weeks have undergone a disagreeable metamorphosis while they tried to find within themselves that one inevitable story. And think of the young; hordes of them, of both sexes. It is one of the greatest blessings of youth to believe, whole-heartedly, that one is born with the destiny, at some time, to do something worth while. To some thousand youths comes the tempter, WE WANT STORIES. There it is, at the very threshold of their career, the opportunity they have been looking for. They will justify themselves, delight their parents, call forth the admiration and envy of their friends. And into the contest they go, with all the immoderateness and blind hopefulness of the young. What midnight oil and gas is consumed; how many pens scratch, how many typewriters click; what brain cudgelling, what sleeplessness, what devotion, what anticipations,—all for nothing. The plight of the young writers in these contests is peculiarly pitiable. It is hard enough to slide gradually into the disappointments and disillusionments of life. Why then should a few men take it upon themselves to encourage thousands of youths to dive headlong into these chilling waters?

When you read therefore in your favourite magazine that the contest is settled, the prizes bestowed, remember the other side of the picture. Think of the thousands of eyes glued to window panes, awaiting the postman's approach, —eyes that shall later be blurred with tears. Think of the thousands of hearts that stop beating at the sound of his whistle, hearts that shall later beat slower with sickening disappointment or faster with hot indignation. Isn't the system wrong, dreadfully wrong? It is hard to understand how any editor, any staff of editors, dare to assume the responsibility for such a sea of disgust, thwarted hope, stifled ambition. They ought to be afraid of becoming unpopular, so very unpopular in fact that an ordinarily peaceful, kindly individual who has been the victim of the WE WANT STORIES delusion, should feel toward them like the man in *My Lady Nicotine* who walked into a sanctum and found an editor being strangled to death.

"What did you do then?" asked counsel, at the subsequent trial.

"I said 'Oh!' and walked out."

Arthur M. Chase.

THE UNSEEN PROTAGONIST

BY EDNA KENTON

EVERY now and then we catch glimpses of them, through words or acts of the visible players, those unseen actors that throng the wings of the stage of the human comedy in drama and in fiction. Sometimes they offer more fascinating possibilities than others whom the art that lies in selection has brought forward to play visibly their part. The elder Sharp, Becky's father, for instance, teems with the chance of adventures to rival Roy Richmond. One takes it that Becky inherited from her father more than from her mother those qualities that made her the central figure in her London. And the shadows of illicit loves that are cast athwart the pages of novels are made more alluring by their vagueness and the mystery of their impenetrable veil.

Perhaps it is stretching the point a bit to call a character, dead when the story opens, an actor in the drama, yet, if Cæsar was never so powerful as when he

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lay a corpse, certainly the great Mel, tailor father of Evan Harrington and the Countess de Saldar and the other children of the shears, dominates the Meredith book to the confusion of the real actors in this drama of snobbery. "Long after the hours when tradesmen are in the habit of commencing business," the first chapter begins, "the shutters of a certain shop in the town of Lymport remained significantly closed, and it became known that death had taken Mr. Melchisedec Harrington, and struck one off the list of living tailors." The same paragraph tells us that this had been a grand man despite his calling; that he had been both generally blamed and generally liked, evincing peculiar construction of mortal; that Mr. Melchisedec, whom people in private called the great Mel, had been at once the sad dog of Lymport and the pride of the town. "He was a tailor and kept horses; he was a tailor and had gallant adventures; he was a tailor and he shook hands with customers. Finally he was a tradesman, and he had never been known to send in a bill. Such a personage comes but once in a generation, and when he goes, men miss the man as well as their money." Such, in the first paragraph, is the great Mel, a combination of Mirabeau and Alcibiades, his bequest to his children a mass of debts and false ambitions, this tailor of 183 Main Street, Lymport-on-the-Sea. We are left in no more doubt of Mel's characteristics and life than of Roy Richmond's. And yet the man is not only unseen, but dead as the story opens.

Harry Richmond's mother, too, Roy's wife—she shadows the first few pages of the book—only spoken of, never seen, and yet at the end of the story one turns back to her and the untold secrets of her life with the wild adventurer, the series of incidents that turned her brain, the mild or wild fancies of a spirit distraught, the pity of a distorted, twisted life.

In *The Touchstone,* Edith Wharton uses a dead woman to make her story. The first paragraph is a quotation from a literary sheet, asking in the name of the compiler of Mrs. Aubyn's life, for any "information concerning the period previous to her coming to England. Mrs. Aubyn had so few intimate friends and consequently so few regular correspondents that letters will be of especial value." So the story opens with the dead woman's wraith a vital issue from the beginning; the rest of the tale is of Glennard's brief struggle against giving out the intimate letters of the woman who had loved him, for the sake of the money they would bring him that would make it possible for him to marry Alexa Trent; and of the problem that confronts the pair later with Alexa's discovery that the Unknown to whom these famous letters were written is Glennard. And the story ends, as it begins, with Mrs. Aubyn the dominant influence. The last sentence, and the first sentence, are of her.

After reading *The Iron Woman* which depicts Helena, a butterfly broken on a wheel, busied, in her narrow, pitiless, letter-of-the-law Phariseeism, with breaking another butterfly with more hideous torture, one is likely to be sufficiently interested in this dreadful change from a butterfly to a fanatic to go back over Helena's list of men and experiences, seeking there perhaps the secret of her mature hardness of fibre. Lloyd Pryor, of course, figures in *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie.* But there is another man, the one in a way responsible for the whole condition of affairs at the opening of the story—Frederick, the husband, whom we never see, and of whom we hear only in scattered bits. He is a drunkard; he hurt Helena's baby when, in the mother's pathetic phrasing, "it was eight months and twelve days old," and of that hurt it died seven weeks later. Helena knew Pryor then, and loved him, and after the baby's death she left her drunken husband and established herself alone on the strength of Pryor's assurance that Frederick must drink himself to death within six months. But twelve years passed, and Frederick in Paris was still drinking himself to death. At first Pryor's eager question had been of her: "What do you hear of Frederick?" But as time went on, he asked less and less often about the man on whose life and death the conventional issue hung, and finally it came to be that it was she who asked of him "Have you heard anything of Frederick?" And more and more the fear grew: "Suppose Frederick's death should be an embarrassment to Lloyd!"

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Frederick finally dies, unseen of the reader to the end. In himself he is unalluring, but as a potent actor in Helena's tragedy and development he amounts to a good deal, and Helena's situation after his death is worse than in all the years of anxious waiting for it. As a matter of fact, considering Helena's experiences with men, her later attitude is to be accounted for only as the result of an entire lack of self-justification, and a sincere but blind and selfish attempt to extenuate an unjustified life by bending others to its narrow limits.

Kipling has the gift and uses it not unfrequently, of tantalising his readers with glimpses, through others, of a personality that itself never appears. "Mrs. Bathurst" is a remarkable case in point. She gives the name to the story, and by their attitudes toward her, the varying characteristics of the various characters are revealed, but this entrancing woman never herself comes on the tiny stage. "She was a widow," said Pyecroft. "Left so very young and never respliced. She kep' a little hotel for warrants and non-coms close to Auckland, an' she always wore black silk an' 'er neck——" Pritchard broke in: "You ask what she was like," he says, and then he tells the tale of the blue beribboned bottle of beer set aside for him at his request. "Mrs. B.," he asked her, "when next I call I want you to remember that this is my particular just as you're my particular—she'd let you go *that* far." And then, Pritchard continues, when he came back after five years, she gave him a look, then went to her shelves and brought down the ribbon tied bottle.

"'Sergeant P.,' she says, 'I do 'ope you 'aven't changed your mind about your particulars.' That's the kind of woman she was—after five years."

"I don't see 'er yet somehow," said Hooper.

"She—never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set 'er foot on a scorpion at any time of 'er life," Pritchard added vehemently.

"That don't help me either. My mother's like that, for one."

The giant heaved inside his uniform and rolled his eyes at the car roof. Said Pyecroft suddenly:

"How many women have you been intimate with all over the world, Pritch?"

Pritchard blushed plum colour to the short hairs on his seventeen-inch neck.

"'undreds," said Pyecroft. "So've I. How many of 'em can you remember in your own mind, settin' aside the first—and per'aps the last, *an' one more?*"

"Few, wonderful few, now I tax myself," said Sergeant Pritchard relievedly.

"An 'ow many times might you 'ave been at Auckland?"

"O-one—two," he began. "Why, I can't make it more than three times in ten years, but I can remember every time that I ever saw Mrs. B."

"So can I—an' I've only been to Auckland twice—how she stood an' what she was sayin' an' what she looked like. That's the secret. 'Tisn't beauty so to speak, not good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street, but most of 'em you can live with a month on end, an' next commission you'd be put to it to certify whether they talked in their sleep or not as one might say."

"Ah," said Hooper. "That's more the idea. I've known just two women of that nature."

"An' 'twas no fault o' theirs?" asked Pritchard.

"None whatever. I know *that!*"

"An' if a man gets struck with that kind o' woman, Mr. Hooper," Pritchard went on.

"He goes crazy—or just saves himself," was the slow answer.

After this, what could be more like Mrs. Bathurst and her elusiveness than her appearance in the moving picture film for perhaps forty-five seconds out of an evening, walking slowly toward her audience with her reticule in her hand and "that blindish look in her eyes" that every man at whom she had ever looked must remember until he died.

Kipling does this again in "The Finest Story in the World," where he shows us the ruination of Charlie, the elusive link between the past and the future of the world, ruined, according to the prophecy of Grish Chunder, by love. "And the girl he loves—curly headed, with a foolish, slack mouth, a tobacconist's assistant with a weakness for pretty dress, who according to her own asseverated statement to Charlie had never been kissed

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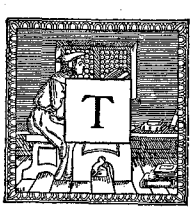
by a man before." We see only her photograph; we only know that she has made of possible revelation banal nonsense. Grish Chunder was right. "Charlie had tasted the love of women that kills remembrance, and the finest story in the world would never be written."

Arnold Bennett, in the first volume of his tremendous trilogy, *Clayhanger,* turned the trick of employing an unseen protagonist in the person of Hilda's unknown husband. Purists may call this instance beside the mark as a trilogy is one continued story and *Hilda Lessways* takes up the husband's side of it. But to carry one character through some seven hundred pages, with Edwin's whole life influenced by the love he had for this girl whom he met so unexpectedly, loved so swiftly, kissed so shyly, and found himself betrothed to almost whether he would or no—then a few weeks later to learn that she is married, and to a man who never appears in the hundreds of pages that follow—it is safe to say this method of construction and creating of suspense is original with Mr. Bennett.

As was suggested earlier, it is more often than not likely to be the unlawful love, the other sinner, or the hidden figure that all lives hold, that plays its part through the individual, yet itself does not appear. The men and women that have moulded the lives of others in the essential sense, and have made them ready to play their real parts with others, in books and plays, as in real life, are the ones absent from the visible cast. But the lure of the unknown is about them, and their appeal to the imagination is often more vivid than that of the visualised people whose lives have touched their flaming or tarnished ones.

THE MANTLE OF THE GREAT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



HE managing editor of one of the metropolitan magazines leaned far back in his chair at eleven o'clock of the morning of December 29th, 1911, read again the letter he held before him and laughed. Lest the reader argue that an introductory sentence of this kind is immaterial and irrelevant, let it be recorded that two facts are present which render it of comparatively large import. In the first place, the simple fact that a managing editor of a New York publication has laughed at all must be possessed of a sufficiently considerable degree of news and surprise for such persons as are acquainted intimately with the affairs of the magazine world. And in the second place, we submit the fact that anything that can succeed in making a managing editor laugh is worthy of ample chronicle. The secret of the editor's merriment, therefore, is herewith offered:

—— *Magazine*
——*Fifth Avenue New York.*

GENTLEMEN: Do you need any of our productions? We can write for you upon any subject you may desire—essays, novels, storys, in fact anything you want. We appreciate the high standing of your publication. For that reason we solicit a share of your patronage. You can see from our letter heads that we are the successors to one of the oldest authors an writers in the World. In 1907 we acquired the titles an Government trade mark of Samuel Clements (Mark Twain). You can understand that an article from our pen carrys with it the highest liteary value of any living author. Trusting that we may hear from you at once with a share of your patronage, we remain

(signed) DAVE WILSON.

The letter head mentioned in the document carried at its top the name of Mr.

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Wilson in "scare-head" type. Under this name in brackets was the pen name, "Willie Green." Below were these words, "Author and lecturer—successor to Samuel Clements (Mark Twain). Country Address: Curryville, Mo." To the left of this imposing array of type might be seen a picture of the modest gentleman who had taken upon his shoulders the mantle of the creator of Huckleberry Finn. The wording and spelling of the letter written by Mark Twain's successor have been reproduced exactly.

Despite the laugh that was evoked in the instance of this particular editor by the letter quoted, it is a matter of record that the receipt of documents of a like order is by no means unusual in the editorial rooms of the magazine offices. Such documents, curiously enough, as has been discovered in long experience, are not the products of what might, as may be inferred by the lay reader, be termed a coterie of "cranks." Neither are they missives sent in a spirit of jest to the editors nor, on the other hand, are they the offerings of individuals who are suffering from mental aberrations of a more or less marked degree. To the contrary, it can be learned from the consensus of editorial opinion on the subject that such letters and the contributions that follow in their wake are more usually the work of thoroughly well-meaning and sincere persons possessed of an enormous and astounding faith in their own talents and of a perfectly honest, even if unfounded, belief in their ability to carry upon their shoulders the mantles of fame that death has left tenantless. By just what process these enthusiastic men and women reach their conclusions is a problem for some other psychologist than the present writer. In place of a scientific analysis of the question, however, there may be offered in quasi-explanation two well-known magazine editorial room axioms that may satisfy the less querulous. These axioms are: I. Nine persons out of ten believe deep down in their hearts of hearts that, given the opportunity, they can "write"; and II. Ten persons out of ten believe down in their hearts of hearts that, given the opportunity, they can write "just as good stuff as those magazines are printing." From these two steps, as may be observed with a moderate stretch of the imagination, it is not difficult for the more zealous individuals to proceed to the third step and take voluntary rank with Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and the other established contributors of their hallowed day.

It is the sincere faith that Mr. Dave Wilson and his comrades show in themselves that makes this chronicle worth fleeting study despite its superficial qualities of what may be misinterpreted as humour. Look, for instance, at this letter received some months ago by the associate editor of one of the general magazines:

Dear Sirs: For years I have believed in myself as a writer; for years I have written and written—always keeping my stories to myself and never submitting them anywhere, because I wanted to make myself truly great and perfect before I gave my work to the world. Now, realising that at last I have arrived at the notch occupied in authorship by Tolstoy and other realistic writers, I send my greatest story, *The Triumph of the Peasants,* for your acceptance. Kindly send me a cheque immediately. You must realise when you read my story that while Tolstoy may have equalled its masterly qualities, he did not excel them. If there is to be a Tolstoy of America, I hereby lay claim, via *The Triumph of the Peasants,* to that title.

This letter was the work of an "author" in a small town in Arkansas. Unfortunately, his tale has not yet seen the light of type. We have the word of its reader, however, that it was not really quite up to some of the best things Tolstoy wrote. Let us turn to a concrete product from one of these magazine axiom-abiders. First, his letter:

—— *Magazine.*

Gentlemen: I am an author, a fine one, a universil one. If you want me to write for you famous things I will send you somme words at one cent each. I have a $3.00 story right here. Will you look at it and what about it.

Yours very truly,
(signed) L. Van M——
Cedar Bayou, Harris County, Texas.

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The title of Mr. Van M——'s story was "The Need to Talk Languages." Permit its quotation:

America is on the head of the world—only one thing for which she goes back, it is that she thinks that with English she can go every where. I think that this is wrong. The more you no, better it is; it is the same about languages. You will see that if you take ten Frenchs, Englishs, Germans, Belgiums, Italians and Spanishs,—on these ten five will talk four of these talks. If you would not need to no how to talk it, surely I would not learn it, but how many times business men have to go to Europe and make business. It is not so hard to learn to talk languages. Get acquainted with somebody who is foreign and talk with him only but his language. You will see that in three month you will no it just as good as he does. In Europe they have made schools for this and also associations where parents send their children in other states for them to learn quick and easy place's language. If I could I would learn any language I could even Asiatic. You don't know but one day we might need it and then we will no it. More talks you know, better it is. They have been trying already to make a universil talk, but can you learn the Russian, the Japonese, the Chinamen, and many others talks that they could not aloud? Well, I now try to talk other's idiome and you will be surprised how quick you will no their talk.

Of course, this piece of "universal, famous" writing is somewhat more extraordinary than most of the contributions that are sent to the magazines by the inheritors of the robes of genius, but it is not without its relevant portion of meaning in the present statistics. About two years ago there were received in several of the magazine editorial rooms circular letters from Chicago that read as follows:

Dear Sir: We (two young men were referred to) are now prepared to supply your publication with poetry, short stories, articles and novels written to your order on any topic, subject or theme you wish. We guarantee our workmanship to be of the first water. Our quality of poetry has been compared by splendid critics to be as good as James Whitcomb Riley's; our short stories have all the thrill and fine conception of Poe's; our articles are fresh and compelling; and the novels we can turn out in a rush you will find to be the match of the best of modern writers of fiction. We know our ability to serve you and trust you will give us an opportunity to please you.

This document that offered literature for sale in the same terms that baking soda or overalls are sold, is not especially unique in magazine records. There have been many such. Within the year just passed, a circular letter that read as follows was delivered in most of the magazine sanctums:

"Who is there but admires Anthony Hope's tales of daring, kings, queens and romance? Do you not want such in your valuable magazine pages? If so, why pay the big rates that Hope demands for his work when you can get something just as good for much less money? I have practised Anthony Hope's style so long that I cannot only equal him, but in many cases actually surpass him and I am willing to sell you the results at two cents a word. I have just finished a really excellent story, more vital in every way than *A Prisoner of Zenda*, that I will send you if you so desire.

Conan Doyle, of all living writers, has, however, probably the most "successors." Scarcely a month goes by but witnesses the receipt in some magazine office of a letter that offers for sale a story that, in the argot of the missive, "beats Sherlock Holmes." The fact that Sherlock Holmes is undoubtedly the most widely known of the characters of modern fiction seems reason enough for the existence of the vast army that tries to create a successor that will outdo the original. Sir Arthur Doyle's skilful share in the original case, of course, is never taken into consideration by the courageous letter writers, who seem to imagine that all that is necessary to a surpassing effort is a detective with a whim or habit other than that of the hypodermic needle, a mystery centring about some Lady Something of Sussex Downs and a tried and true friend to whom the detective may talk confidentially. As regards the numerous letters bearing on the case in hand, the quotation of one will suffice:

I am certain that I have it in me to succeed Conan Doyle as the writer of short detective stories. In the way of suspense, I have trained myself to the point where not even the best

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guessing reader can figure out the mysteries in my stories until I myself explain them in the very last paragraph. My detective's name is Holbrook Sherman, which, as you will note, is modelled after Sherlock Holmes. In most of the Sherlock Holmes stories there is one big defect which I have eliminated in mine. Holmes, as you remember, traces his cases step by step, a fact which lets the reader begin to suspicion the solution of the mystery a bit ahead of time, a bit previous, so to speak. This may be "scientific," but it kills a lot of interest on the part of the reader and diminishes the breathless quality. In my writing I have Holbrook Sherman tell his friend, Dr. Williams, about his deductions step by step early in the story, but I mislead my reader by showing subsequently that Sherman only fooled the doctor in his first analysis of the crime and kept his real analysis a secret until the last page. Thus, you will observe, I give the story an O. Henry quality, certainly an improvement over the Doyle method.

Said Ruskin, "All great art represents something that it sees or believes in: for instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of if he had not actually seen the centaur do it." By virtue of this classic definition, in the face of a thousand patronising smiles, may we not call such as take upon themselves the mantles of the great—great artists?

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"From Ibsen's Workshop"*

No other "world-historic" artist—to use his own wide-winging adjective—was ever more secretive about the methods of his workmanship than Henrik Ibsen. To his translator and interpreter to the English-speaking peoples, Mr. William Archer, he never said more about his projects than that he was "preparing some devilment for next year"; "even his wife and son knew nothing of what he was meditating and hatching out, until each new play was polished to the last syllable"; and there is an anecdote of his "apparently disproportionate anger when he learned that some loose scrap of paper had revealed the fact that the hero of *An Enemy of the People,* the play on which he was then engaged, was to be a doctor."

But very few loose scraps of paper seem to have escaped from Ibsen's sanctum. He made many notes, scenarios, and drafts for all his social plays, excepting only *An Enemy of the People,* which was written at white heat and with extraordinary speed; and instead of tossing these odds and ends of manuscript into the waste-paper basket upon the completion of a play—which is what any ordinary playwright would have done—he treasured them with considerable care and left them, after his death, to be dealt with by his literary executors. In this reverent preservation of the chippings from his chisel, it is difficult not to recognise a trait of that extreme personal vanity which was characteristic of Ibsen in his later years, and in witness of which many anecdotes have been recorded; but it is highly fortunate for students of the master-builder's art that his waste-paper basket has survived him. These "foreworks" of his plays, as Ibsen called them, were published in Scandinavia and Germany in 1909 under the editorship of Halvdan Koht and Julias Elias; and now they have been translated into English by A. G. Chater and set forth with an illuminative introduction by the devoted and indefatigable Mr. Archer.

Even a hasty glance at these fragmentary foreworks dispels forever the illusion that Ibsen was "one of those playwrights who have their plays clearly

*The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume XII. From Ibsen's Workshop: notes, scenarios, and drafts of the modern plays. Translated by A. G. Chater. With an introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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mapped out before they put pen to paper." Any critic would have judged, from the study of his finished work alone, that Ibsen must have planned his plays minutely, to the very last detail, before he embarked upon the final task of reducing the scenario to dialogue; but the experimental papers now set before us show that he often wrote a full draft of the first and second acts without knowing precisely how his plot was ultimately coming out, and that sometimes he drafted the dialogue of an entire play before he really got to know his characters, and then went back and wrote the whole thing over. In 1884 he wrote from Rome to Theodor Caspari, concerning *The Wild Duck*, "I have just completed a play in five acts,—that is to say the rough draft of it; now comes the elaboration, the more energetic individualisation of the persons and their modes of expression"; and, as Mr. Archer adds, "any one who compares the draft with the finished play will see that what Ibsen called 'elaboration' amounted, at some points, almost to reinvention." He seems, habitually, to have assembled a group of characters more or less illustrative of a creative idea not always definitely formulated in his mind, and to have allowed these characters to talk to each other and to him on paper, until they gradually revealed themselves as living beings and determined for themselves that destiny which was to be the plot. It is interesting to note that his best thoughts were nearly always after-thoughts. Indeed, in examining these foreworks, we are reminded constantly of that famous saying of Dion Boucicault's,—"Plays are not written, but re-written."

Different works appear to have originated differently in his incubating mind. In the case of *Hedda Gabler*, for example, "the first germs seem to have come to the poet in the form of scraps of dialogue, roughly jotted down." The draft consists of several conversations that are begun off-hand, without any preparation, and are relinquished suddenly, with loose ends dangling in the air. But, on the second page of Ibsen's notes, we stumble upon the following two sentences, which sum up, in terms of expository criticism, the very theme and essence of the play:—"Hedda's despair is that there are doubtless so many chances of happiness in the world, but that she cannot discover them. It is the want of an object in life that torments her."

Sometimes he began at the very outset with some such expository statement of his theme; and this is notably the fact in the case of *A Doll's House*. The initial memorandum for that play begins as follows:

NOTES FOR THE MODERN TRAGEDY

Rome, 19, 10, '78.

There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience, one in man and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man.

The wife in the play ends by having no idea of what is right or wrong; natural feeling on the one hand and belief in authority on the other have altogether bewildered her.

A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view.

She has committed forgery, and she is proud of it; for she did it out of love for her husband, to save his life. But this husband, with his commonplace principles of honour, is on the side of the law and regards the question with masculine eyes.

The memorandum continues in such a way as to indicate that the author originally expected Nora to commit suicide; but the brief scenario that follows ends with the simple sentence, "Nora leaves the house."

The drafts of several of the plays show that Ibsen was accustomed to alter the names of his characters more or less frequently as he proceeded with his work. The family name of the Helmers was originally "Stenborg"; and the tragic Doctor Rank first emerges in the draft as "Doctor Hank"! In *Little Eyolf*, Alfred Allmers was at first called (variously) "Harald Borgheim" and "Hakon Skioldheim"; and the hero whose resounding name now serves as the title of *John Gabriel Borkman* was known at first as "Jens." But in *Rosmersholm*—which was originally called *White Horses*—the changes in the nomenclature are most notable. Rosmer bore at first the

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cumbrous hyphenated name, "Boldt-Römer," and Rebecca West was called "Miss Badeck." The latter appellation sounds, in English, perilously like bad-egg; and, as Mr. Archer humorously states, "it is fortunate that Rebecca did not eventually retain a name which would have lent itself, in English, to somewhat too facile pleasantries of the type in vogue among Anti-Ibsenite critics of the early 'nineties."

A propos of *When We Dead Awaken,* Mr. Archer repeats an interesting anecdote that was told originally by the dramatist Gunnar Heiberg. The Norwegian actress who played Irene in the original production gave her a rather juvenile appearance,—with Ibsen's approval, it was reported. "Tell me, Dr. Ibsen," Heiberg said to him one day, "how old is Irene?" He replied, "Irene is twenty-eight years old."

"That is impossible," said I.

He looked at me, measured me up and down, and said with crushing quietness, "You naturally know better, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," I answered. And I set to work to prove that Irene must be at least forty years old. . . . .

"Irene is supposed to be twenty-eight," Ibsen interrupted me. "And why do you ask, since you know all about it?"

He went away annoyed.

Next day, I received a letter from him, which ran thus:

"Dear Gunnar Heiberg: You were right and I was wrong. I have looked up my notes. Irene is about forty years old.

"Yours,

"Henrik Ibsen."

It is scarcely too much to say that these scraps from Ibsen's workshop are indispensable to a thorough study of the mind of the greatest modern dramatist; and even the casual reader will encounter many adventures as he turns the interesting pages of these papers.

Walter Clayton.

II

George Moore's "Hail and Farewell"*

A publisher's note, prefacing the American edition, tells us how Mr. Moore's latest work is to be taken, explaining that it is not a mere ordinary book of reminiscences. One may admire the amiable intention of this warning, while speculating as to why it was considered necessary. Mr. Moore is not given to writing "ordinary" books in any form. To say that this first volume of a trilogy, with its mortuary title, is something more than Random Recollections or Jottings from a Note-book—something, indeed, quite other than these—is to say that once more he has found his way to an entirely new fashion of expression.

But when the publisher assumes to interpret this new mode, and the author's purpose in developing it, one may be allowed to demur. "His intentions were to take a certain amount of material and to model it just as he would do in a novel." So much commands a ready assent. "The people in his book are not personalities; they are types of human characters." Just what this remarkable statement means may be open to some doubt; if it means what it says, it is at least half untrue, even though Mr. Moore's own words are quoted in support of the statement. Types they may be, as every real person is a type; but if not personalities, then we must seek true "personalities" in a biographical dictionary or the columns of a society paper.

The truth is, the book is an incomparable impressionist painting of certain very real persons. Its piquancy arises from the fact that it possesses all the reality, the "atmosphere," of a novel, while the characters bear names well known to all of us. The W. B. Yeats of these pages may or may not be identical with the poet whom we know in an abstract way as the author of certain poems and plays. Indubitably he is a person, such as he has never been to those who have known him only between the covers of his own books. George Moore has brought the gift of life to all these people whom he has so insolently robbed of their privacy. The faint, delicate suggestion of caricature heightens the sense of reality. Yeats is alive, and Lady Gregory, and Edward Martyn—a noble soul, seen through his friend's eyes—and

*Hail and Farewell. Ave. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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T. P. Gill, the Dublin journalist, and A. E., and the fine old Trinity professor (can it be Mahaffy?) who by a miracle preserves his anonymity.

With these and a few others for *dramatis personæ,* Mr. Moore gives us a "novelised" version of that excellent comedy with farcical interludes, the establishment of an Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin. As befits so noble a theme, it is done seriously, tenderly, and there are moments when the Muse is on the verge of tears. Yet the whole thing is at bottom so preposterous, so gravely absurd, so pathetically impossible, that it conduces, in Meredith's phrase, to "thoughtful laughter." Martyn is the chief actor, an Irish Don Quixote, filled with a noble resolve to right the wrongs of Ireland, to restore her to her ancient glory. But the most exquisitely comic character is Moore himself in the rôle of Sancho Panza, protesting yet abandoning himself to the service of his knight, lending aid to a cause in which some remnant of reason forbade him to believe, tenderly comforting the victim of the windmills they encountered. George Moore's insatiable thirst for literary adventure is enough to account for his embarking in the mad project. What is astonishing is the sympathy, the touching concern, the real consideration he shows for his friends. It is all a revelation of the soul of George Moore—and that, it may be surmised, is the true purpose of this extraordinary book. Mr. Moore has written more than one confession, but never before, I suspect, has he shown his soul to the world. Strangely enough, it proves to be not wholly the cynical, contemptuous organ it has often seemed. The true George Moore at last stands revealed in these pages—the man under the blasé, indifferent exterior, shy, diffident, self-distrustful, sympathetic and hard by turns, capable of quick enthusiasms and generosities, with a stedfast devotion to literature, interrupted only by a real love of nature and a casual preoccupation with the opposite sex.

There is little of this intimate self-revelation, comparatively, in Mr. Moore's earlier books, even the *Confessions of a Young Man* and *Memoirs of My Dead Life. Hail and Farewell* is a true confession, as true as Rousseau's. And like Rousseau's and all great confessions, it is accomplished by the aid of a great literary art. A colossal egoism must be presupposed in any man who writes about himself. The supreme self-revealers, from St. Augustine to Marie Bashkirtseff, have been anything but artless. The studied disorder of Mr. Moore's most careless page is as carefully arranged as the most finished of his stories. And his style has at last attained a beauty that is solely its own. Mr. Moore was not naturally a graceful writer (perhaps no one ever was, to be sure). His early attempts are expressive, but awkwardly so. The right word seemed to come with effort, the rhythm often halted. But he has worked with a refractory instrument until it has become a thing of beauty; a prose lacking in vigour, but lovely, with a charm purely feminine. Not to see its beauty is to be insensible to some of the fine possibilities of language.

But when all possible praise has been voiced, there remains the fact that George Moore is not and never will be a writer to be recommended indiscriminately. His French training is not to be ignored, nor his curiously mixed ancestry and tradition. To the puritan he must often appear as both snob and blackguard. He has next to no religion, no reverence for woman, no patriotism, no love of home or kindred; not one of the parochial virtues is in his equipment. For those who can see no literary merit without these personal virtues the one safe course is to leave this book alone. Those who in spite of puritanism are able to look at literary phenomena with detachment will regard George Moore as an anomalous figure, standing apart from any "current" or "tendency" of present-day English fiction; but a consummate artist nevertheless, a man not to be ignored in any account of what our literature is to-day. *Ward Clark.*

III

Robert H. Schauffler's "The Musical Amateur"*

Mr. Schauffler affords us consolation.

*The Musical Amateur. By Robert H. Schauffler. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1911.

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It is seldom one reads a book which gives us such a fresh start with our deficiencies. To those who have not a musical temperament he shows its penalties: its inability to enjoy only a small portion of the audible universe, and its especial horror if afflicted with the disease known as "absolute pitch"; to those who love music, but—alas—are not executants the author indicates their powerful, though often unrealised, creative capacities. If it were not, also, for the fact that he advises us to whistle and offers a special plea for the "auto-musicianship" that hums *cadenzas* in the head, his analysis of the phrase—"the creative listener"—would alone make the book a comfort and a stimulus, since it can be applied to the drama and conversation as well. The phrase seems almost self-explaining: to help create with the musician by intelligent listening. Musicians, as Mr. Schauffler points out, soon learn to pick from an audience those who can listen, and his plea, therefore, is that the more this faculty of listening creatively is cultivated in large audiences the better the performance, and, as also with "crowd psychology," the greater democracy of social feeling. Music needs these listeners "to enter into the larger life of the world." Mr. Schauffler says a word for the mechanical piano which through its use tends to develop understanding, but he has no fear that music will ever thus become mechanised since

> "the wildest imagination cannot conceive of a machine that will reproduce the spirit of some past performance of Paderewski and still be sensitive to the telepathic influence of its present audience. It is not enough for the creative listener to hear how distant places, persons, and times influenced the Polish wizard. He resents anything that shuts him out from making himself an organic part of that music, and from actually influencing the spiritual quality of every note as Paderewski makes it. He resents any machine that proposes to substitute for a thousand different playing of the *Moonlight Sonata* a single petrified, statue-like thing, so irrevocably finished that we may appreciate it until we break our hearts, yet never alter it by a grain."

The author records an interesting experiment in organised "creative listeners" known as "The Ear Club." Walters founded it; he was harassed during the Thomas Orchestras by the "destructive listeners" about him. At first he was intolerant at the handicap thus being placed upon the musicians, but soon saw most of these destroyers were simply undeveloped and that under a proper course of treatment capable of growing surprisingly creative. Walters thereupon decided to convert as much of the auditorium as he could, and through splendid understanding gradually initiated these reaching spirits into the deeper mysteries of music; and having accomplished that, he began to collect them into one particular section of the auditorium. He was so successful that he demonstrated anew the social power of music "binding people by myriad strands to all those other humans in space or time who have tasted, or are to taste, the ecstasy of creative listening." And the musicians themselves always played to that particular section.

Throughout the book, the author is continually dwelling on the human side of music. He urges upon parents their sympathetic recognition of the law of musical evolution which bids them not to feed children on Bach but rather to let those who have the musical instinct express it as the race history from infancy has evolved it. He also champions the "cause of musical enthusiasm," but warns against "musical indigestion," which comes to even the most voracious lover through overfeeding. He suggests, too, in a chapter more witty perhaps than practicable the pharmacy of music —that is, the corrective which lies in music for certain ills. "Why neglect the science of medicinal music?" For "dopiness" he suggests *Die Walkürenritt* or Dvorák's *Carnival Overture;* for "city-weariness," Smetana's *The Moldau* or Wagner's *Waldweben;* for the mourner, Beethoven's *Waldstein Sonata,* or the tender Chopin's *E major étude;* and for "hardening of the heart," Tschaikowsky's *Adagio Lamentoso* of the *Pathétique.* Many other emotions are thus prescribed for, much on the principle of Aristotle's *katharsis.*

One of the most amusing chapters is entitled "The Musician's Parasite," in

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which Mr. Schauffler comments upon the demands on a musician when "asked out." He recalls an interesting anecdote in this connection.

There was a shabby couple who desired to have the *éclat* of engaging the celebrated English prima donna, Mary Ann Paton, to sing at one of their parties, and sent her an invitation. When the entertainment of the evening had fairly commenced, the hostess invited Miss Paton to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but the singer, with a very serious countenance, begged to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare, but at length the disappointed hostess burst out, saying, "What! not sing, Miss Paton? Why, it was for this that I invited you to my party, and I told all my guests that you were coming." "That quite alters the case," said the other; "I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately." "What a good creature," rejoined the hostess. . . . Miss Paton sang the entire evening, and in the morning, to the utter astonishment of the parsimonious couple, a bill for two hundred dollars was presented to them for professional services, which of course they had to pay.

George Middleton.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A HUSBAND

BY LYNDON ORR

A NEWLY founded English journal, the London *Tribune,* has come into the possession of some hitherto unpublished letters by Dickens, and has been printing them as a sort of epistolary serial. In these letters, the names are suppressed, and a good deal is left to be inferred; yet they have interest as uncovering an episode in the novelist's life which has hitherto been concealed from the general public. It appears that Dickens in middle life conceived an attachment for a lady who was presumably ignorant of the extent of his admiration. For a long time perhaps he himself was not aware how strong a hold upon him this new sentiment had secured. At last a friend of his, whom he had introduced to the lady, won her love and the two became engaged. Dickens had not known anything about the progress of this affair; and when its culmination was announced to him in a letter, his agitation was extreme. Writing soon after, he described his own emotion, and declared that his heart stopped beating at the news and that he turned white to his very lips. His subsequent relations with the two were those of disinterested and unselfish friendship, or, at least, this is the inference from the letters already published.

The story contained in this new chapter of a great man's life recalls the romantic feeling which Thackeray entertained for Mrs. Brookfield, a feeling which he quite frankly avowed to Mr. Brookfield, and which was never allowed to pass the limits imposed by honour and good faith. But in the case of Dickens, the incident forms but a part of the whole narrative of his domestic complications, whereof the leading facts are worth reciting in connection with the letters that have just been given to the public.

In 1835, Dickens was one of the eighty or ninety reporters who occupied the press-gallery in the old House of Commons. He reported the proceedings for several newspapers, becoming at last a representative of the London *Morning Chronicle.* He was then twenty-three years of age, filled with an almost superabundant energy, and throwing himself with eagerness into his daily work, so that he was regarded with great favour by his chiefs, both for his accuracy and for the speed with which he transcribed his notes. Long afterwards he said: "To the wholesome training of severe news-

Reprinted from THE BOOKMAN *for March,* 1906

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paper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes." Presently when the *Evening Chronicle* was established, Dickens was asked to furnish for its columns some sketches in addition to what he contributed as a reporter. His salary was at the same time increased from five guineas ($25) to seven guineas ($35) per week. These sketches, of course, were those which in the following year were published in a small volume entitled *Sketches by Boz,* which he sold to a publisher (one Macrone) for £150. At this time Dickens was visited by N. P. Willis and Macrone in Furnival's Inn. Willis wrote an impression of Dickens in his usual lively though inaccurate fashion. The paragraph deserves quotation:

> In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers), the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher." Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and, after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up—the very personification, I thought, of a close-sailer to the wind.

The connection with the *Evening Chronicle* was destined to have results other than those of a literary character. One of the journal's managers was Mr. George Hogarth, a Scotch gentleman of education and repute. It was Mr. Hogarth who made the arrangement for the sketches; and he took so personal an interest in the young reporter as to invite him to his house, where Dickens presently became an intimate. Mr. Hogarth had two daughters. The elder, Miss Catherine Hogarth, was a lively, somewhat sentimental girl, and Dickens met her at the psychological moment. They became engaged and were married in April, 1836. Mrs. Dickens, as everybody knows, was the model from which her husband afterward drew the character of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield.* Like Dora, she was rather frivolous, somewhat feather-headed, exacting, unreasonable, and impulsive. But also, like Dora, she was affectionate and well-meaning. So long as the young couple were equally inexperienced and equally childish, they were very happy, just as were David and Dora in the autobiographical novel. But whereas Dickens himself necessarily grew up and became mature, his wife never did so, but remained always a rather doll-like piece of femininity, nearer akin to a child than to a woman. She remained always, in fact, her husband's child-wife, and, in consequence, as the years went by, he became gradually aware of a certain incompleteness in his existence on the domestic side. He has described this feeling very well in *David Copperfield;* and it is likely that the woman who is referred to in the newly published letters represents to some extent the character of Agnes Wickfield.

It was, however, not so much the attraction of another personality as the incompatibility between himself and Mrs. Dickens which led to a final break between them. This crisis was long foreshadowed ere it actually arrived. His secret discontent took the form of an extraordinary restlessness. He was unwilling to remain long in one place. He made frequent journeys to different parts of England and to the Continent, seeking, perhaps, like his Horatian exemplar, to escape from the *atra cura* which, nevertheless, dogged him everywhere. What he called in his letters "an unhappy loss or want of something" began finally to affect his creative powers. It became less easy for him to write. He had to force the note continually. The old-time zest was beginning to disappear. Some passages from a letter which he

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wrote in 1857 give a vivid picture of his state of mind:

I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether by myself. If I could have managed it I think I might have gone to the Pyrenees. . . . I have visions of living for half a year or so in all sorts of inaccessible places. A floating idea of going up above the snow-line in Switzerland hovers about me. "Restlessness," you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year, though I had the strangest nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish.

And again:

You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I *may* go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain-ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it that, as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?

These self-revelations were continued from time to time, until at last he hinted very plainly at the real cause of his disquietude; and in the end he wrote very plainly to Mr. John Forster:

Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever feel in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise, the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should ever try to struggle on.

Events soon brought about the logical results of such a state of mind. In May, 1857, just about thirty years after his marriage, he separated from his wife, with whom his eldest son, Charles, thereafter made his home. Ample provision was made for Mrs. Dickens; and the matter, which was a strictly private one, might very well have been permitted to remain unheralded and hidden beneath a discreet and well-bred reticence. But here Dickens unfortunately displayed a certain element of commonness which was always lurking somewhere in his nature. With all his genuine kindliness of heart, his sentiment and his emotionalism, he was *au fond* an unmistakable type of the underbred Englishman. This was shown at all times and in many ways—in his velvet coats, his flaming scarfs, his huge double watch-chains, and the gaudy rings which clogged his fingers, as well as in his fondness for low company, and his frequent exhibitions of bad taste in company that was by no means low. An American girl, who met the Dickens family often, wrote many years afterward an account of his uncomfortable fondness for such jokes as would have delighted the heart of Mrs. Gamp. If he happened to find himself in the presence of a lady who was looking forward to motherhood, he invariably called attention to the fact in a series of broad jokes and exceedingly pointed allusions which no one could check, and which embarrassed all who heard him fully as much as they did the subject of his obstetric wit. He lacked, in short, the finer instincts of a gentleman; and it has been remarked quite often that in his books he never drew one single character who deserves the name of gentleman. In *Nicholas Nickleby,* his notions of the gentry are such as one might gather now from the perusal of *Reynolds's Weekly,* and which he himself had probably derived from penny dreadfuls. Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht—the wicked baron and the foolish lord—reflect the lack of knowledge

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which Dickens always showed whenever he emerged from the sphere of the squalid and grotesque. Later, when in *Bleak House* he depicted Lawrence Boythorn, he achieved nothing better than a caricature. In Sir Leicester Dedlock we find a wooden dummy. Nor, had he been a gentleman at heart, would he have burlesqued his own mother as Mrs. Nickleby, and his own father as Wilkins Micawber, and one of his best friends (Leigh Hunt) as Harold Skimpole. But never did he so thoroughly expose himself as a cad as when he actually published a statement of his domestic troubles in his magazine, *Household Words*. His best friends urged him not to do this really awful thing; but his egotism urged him irresistibly on. And so he posed in print as a person who was willing to trail his soiled linen in the public view. The world has some sympathy, even though it be a cynical one, with the *femme incomprise;* but it bestows nothing but jeers upon the *mari incompris*. Dickens went even further. He wished to have his statement published in *Punch*—the last place in the world for such a revelation to be made—and he broke off all personal intercourse with the editors because they naturally refused his preposterous request. A little later he wrote another explanatory letter full of much more intimate detail, and circulated it among the correspondents of the press. As might have been expected, one of these individuals disregarded the injunction of secrecy, and the letter was printed in the New York *Tribune*. After this, of course, the whole subject became public property, and was chronicled and discussed by the press throughout the English-speaking world.

This whole episode remains a lasting blot upon the memory of Dickens. Of his manner of life thereafter it is unnecessary to speak. He lived like other Englishmen of his class, and he and his friend Bulwer-Lytton became standing examples of the sort of domestic infelicity which is continually on view and which invites the stares and unseemly jocularity of the rabble. In the case of Lytton, however, it was Lady Lytton who was blameable for this publicity. In the case of Dickens it was the man, and not the woman, who deserved the blame. It is, indeed, greatly to the honour of Mrs. Dickens that she preserved unbroken the silence and the dignity which her distinguished husband so utterly forgot.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

BY JAMES MacARTHUR

HEN Dickens reversed the cry of the magician in *Aladdin,* and made it "Old Lamps for New Ones," in a scathing satire on the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood nearly fifty years ago, he little dreamed that this finger-post of scorn would be used at the end of the century to wile the reader to certain writings of his own which have only now been collected in book-form, and which have never before been published in America in any form. The title is an apt one. In the main we prefer new lamps to old ones; but when those old lamps happen to be lighted by the genius of a Dickens, we are very willing to give in exchange for them, even at a sacrifice, many of our new *fin de siècle* lamps. To Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, the well-known Dickens authority, we are indebted for the recovery of these papers from what Dickens himself designates "the Old Lamp Market!" Mr. Kitton is a thorough scholar, and he has been at great pains searching out, identifying and collecting the miscellaneous sketches, essays, letters, reviews, etc., which Dickens contributed for the most part anonymously to *Bentley's Miscellany, Household*

Reprinted from THE BOOKMAN *for November,* 1897

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Words, All the Year Round, the London *Daily News,* and other periodicals. The results of this industry have been gathered in a volume of no mean bulk, judging by the number of articles which have been unearthed. Mr. Kitton has written an Introduction for the book, which we have not yet seen, but we have been permitted through the courtesy of the publishers, the New Amsterdam Book Company, to examine the proofs of the Dickens material. The English edition will be entitled *To be Read at Dusk,* and will contain a paper of that name and several others published under the same title some years ago by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin and Company. The major part by far, however, has never been collected before, and the American edition now being published consists only of matter that has not hitherto appeared in this country. The American title, as we have said, will be *Old Lamps for New Ones.*

When, like the magician, we come to rub these "old lamps," what do they evoke? Are they ineffectual and useless for entertainment or enlightenment, or do they still retain the alchemic power of summoning once more the genii of the lamp? It is often a thankless task, not to say an unworthy one, the raking together of material which a great writer has let fall by the wayside during his lifetime. The demand of posterity on the product of a writer is often beyond any just claim it has upon him, and it is bred not infrequently of an unhealthy curiosity and pragmatical instinct, which Dickens himself has severely castigated in one of these collected papers. But so long as there is a public with an insatiate maw, and a publisher with the enterprise to conjure with a great name, we cannot expect these poor ghosts to be allowed to rest unmolested. Yet this retrogressive principle has its compensation: sometimes by its means a pearl is found in the oyster embedded in the journalism of the past, or to revert to our original figure, a light is discovered that has been hidden under a bushel. Frequently instructive facts or hints of truth are elicited that throw light upon the author's personality or explain more fully his methods of working, his development as a writer. At the least, they afford passing amusement or temporary relief from the *ennui* of the hour produced by the newest indigestibles. It may be, too, that they induce a fresh interest in an old favourite, and make us hark back to the works that fed the perennial springs of our youth.

But to our question regarding these "old things" of Dickens. The genii is never far away, without doubt, sometimes very dimly apprehended, oftentimes in all the vigour and presence of his better self. The stamp of Dickens's mind is upon them all, they bear his unmistakable imprint. The fun and frolic, the wit and humour, the satire and savagery, the advocate of reform, and the special pleader of the poor, the chivalry of literary brotherhood and the pride of letters, the prejudices, the whimsicalities, the affectation of pomposity and bombast, the intense feeling and burning sincerity—all are here, and as a flame in the midst shedding its glow and irradiating its vital spark throughout, there is the unfailing light of Dickens's imagination. To be sure, these qualities play upon subjects that belong to a day that is dead, and in so far as they are remote from our present interests in life, the sum total of their bygone attraction is diminished for us now. But to the lover of Dickens, especially to the admirer of his satire and humour, these papers will be full of delight and reminiscent pleasure when read in the light of his standard works. Many of them are the incarnation of Boz. Indeed, in reading them, we are reminded of the words of the distinguished scholar, poet, and philosopher yet among us, who, when asked what he considered "the best bits of literature," made bold answer, "The buried thoughts in anonymous journalism."

But we must hasten to give the reader a foretaste of these forthcoming sketches of Dickens. From the initial article, which gives the book its title, we cull the following *jeu d' esprit* from the writer's stream of satire:

> In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer

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Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply in characters that nobobdy on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

There is published the humorous announcement which appeared at the opening of the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany,* edited by Boz, in 1837, headed "Extraordinary Gazette," and containing the "speeches of His Mightiness, the Editor," who is described in his progress to New Burlington Street as

receiving with the utmost affability the numerous petitions of the crossing-sweepers; and being repeatedly and loudly hailed by the cabmen on the different stands in the line of road through which he passed. His Mightiness appeared in the highest possible spirits; and immediately after his arrival at the House delivered himself of the following most gracious speech:

Then follow several fictitious speeches to various bodies, one of them beginning:

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I continue to receive from Foreign Powers undeniable assurances of their disinterested regard and esteem. The free and independent States of America have done me the honour to reprint my Sketches, gratuitously; and to circulate them throughout the Possessions of the British Crown in India, without charging me anything at all. I think I shall recognise Don Carlos if I ever meet him in the street; and I am sure I shall at once know the King of the French, for I have seen him before.

As a dramatic critic we have Dickens's criticism of "Macready as 'Benedick'" in *Much Ado About Nothing,* given at Drury Lane in the year 1843. From quite an extensive and interesting critique of the great actor, we quote this passage:

Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art; by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the arbour. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humour, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical or overstrained cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described "Benedick's" behaviour at that crisis —supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all— can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behaviour of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity, and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behaviour that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journeymen) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance.

Again as a critic of art in an article on George Cruikshank's *Drunkard's Children* "in eight plates," Dickens shows an acquaintance with the technique of the subject, and an observation of the people it depicts, which illustrate the versatility of his genius. In a digression on Hogarth in this paper he touches on a phase of his art which adds to our enlightenment of the artist's method and purpose. He says:

Hogarth avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully

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deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented with beginning all the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe new-soled with the binding of his Bible) dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the *Mariage à la Mode;* the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that kind of drunkenness which was of more "respectable" engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more.

There is also an appreciation of John Leech's *Rising Generation,* a series of twelve drawings "from original designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch." At the close of this paper, which was written in 1848, there is a fling at the Royal Academy's excluding such men as Cruikshank and Leech from its membership, and a prescient forecast which, as everybody knows, has been since verified.

Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labours of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land?

In such themes as "The China Junk," a floating bit of Chinatown near London; in "The American Panorama," an extraordinary exhibition of Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers given at the Egyptian Hall in 1848; in "An American in Europe," who

in an evil hour committed the two volumes before us, in which—

He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of napkins, forks and spoons (God save the mark!)

that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis!—

in two papers on "The Amusements of the People," in which Dickens follows the ecstasies of one Joe Whelks through his favourite form of the drama —*May Morning, or the Mystery of 1715, and the Murder!* at the Victoria, for instance——; in "Whole Hogs," which is so delightfully Bozian with its Tea-total Procession, its distinguished Vegetarians and Fleshmeatarians; its Reverend Jabez Fireworks, fond of speaking; its Mr. Gloss, the gentleman with the stand-up-collar; Mr. Glib, with the massive watch chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair; Mr. Scradger, looking like a converted Hyæna; the dark-eyed brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America; in "Trading in Death," which bares the travesty of State Funerals, particularly Wellington's; in "The Other Public," which includes another facetious American "Note;" and in "The Tattlesnivel Bleater," which strikes at the subtle and malevolent influence wielded by the "London Correspondent" — in these and in others we have not enumerated the Pickwickian wit and penetrating satire are at work; and despite the distance which separates us from the contemporaneousness of the subjects we are constantly entertained by Dickens's immortal spirit of humour, which now glances and gladdens with the harmless incandescence of summer lightning, and again flashes and strikes with the electric charge of a deadly current. The latter effect is strongly exemplified in the handling of "The Ballantyne Humbug," relative to the base charges made by the younger Ballantyne against the reputation of Sir Walter Scott, and also in the papers on "The Worthy Magistrate" and "Capital Punishment."

Americans will read with mingled feelings of amusement and mournful interest the paper entitled "The Young Man from the Country," written in 1862, twenty years subsequent to the writing of *American Notes.* The article begins:

A song of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that

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twenty years ago a little book on the United States entitled *American Notes* was published by "A Young Man from the Country," who had just seen and left it.

This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies, for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country and stronger faith in it than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton Treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he "could bide his time," he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:

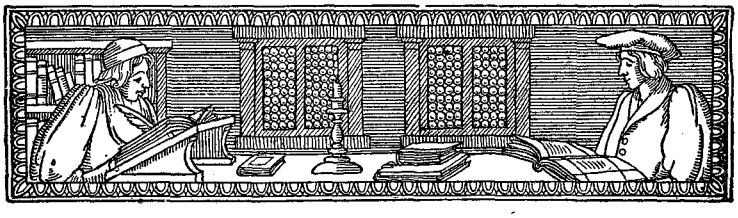
Then follows the preface which appeared in 1850, but of which only the first paragraph in the preface as it is now printed remains intact. The words "—but not wilfully" were added later at the end of this paragraph, and instead of the warm expression of regard for this country, which characterises the second paragraph as it now stands, the following is what was originally printed in 1850, and which was, subsequent to Dickens's second visit to America, in 1868, eliminated:

I have nothing to defend or to explain away. The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said, No!

But this article we must remember was written in 1862. The Young Man from the Country goes on to make large quotations from his "little book," and then concludes:

The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation or assumed any colour of truth in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

It is matter of history, and still within the painful remembrance of the living, that Dickens stirred up a hornet's nest when he published his *American Notes,* and that although he modified his opinions and estimate of the country and its people when he revisited it twenty-six years later, the disagreeable and unfavourable impressions created by his *Notes* have never been wholly eradicated.



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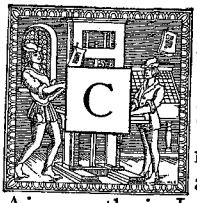
CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS BIOGRAPHER*

BY GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR



HARLES DICKENS first met his chosen biographer, the man who knew him, as he said, "better than any other man does or ever will," at the home of Harrison Ainsworth, in London, about the close of 1836, when both men, who had been born within two months of each other, were not yet twenty-five years of age. Carlyle estimated Forster, through the *Life*, "as taking rank, in essential respects, parallel to Boswell himself, though on widely different grounds." These "widely different grounds" can be explained, perhaps, by the remark that they would not have existed if Johnson had been the author and Boswell the subject of the immortal biography, for more than one of the distinguished coterie which Forster gathered about him have noted his resemblance to the great lexicographer.

According to Henry Morley, "John Forster, like Samuel Johnson, had an outward manner that might be misunderstood by strangers, but he was like Johnson also in his power of turning acquaintances into friends, and making all who really knew him feel that the vigour of his intellect drew strength from the sincerity and kindness of his nature." Percy Fitzgerald, who has done more than any one else to preserve Forster's memory, says that "if any one desired to know what Dr. Johnson was like he could have found him in Forster"—there were the same social intolerance, the same dispersion of humbug, the love of talk in which he assumed the lead—a deeply read, cultivated man and a fine critic. He was a brusque, uncompromising individual "who shouldered his way to the front until he came to be looked on by all as a guide and friend."

*The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Memorial Edition. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

His friends always took delight in recalling the words of a cabman, whom he once summoned to court for an overcharge, and who described him to the magistrate as "a harbitrary gent." Douglas Jerrold dubbed him "the beadle of the world," so prone was he to regulate the affairs of the universe. Undoubtedly he possessed a kind heart, and like all men of extremely virile type was most courteous, affable, and winning with women, but to his own sex he was often unduly overbearing, and arrogant in the extreme.

At one period his closest friend was Robert Browning, and the poet used to dine with him every Sunday. But the friendship did not endure, and when the break came Browning's explanation was, "I grew tired of Forster always wiping his shoes on me." He did not enjoy the constant flow of scoffing remarks and could not stand being bantered. Yet Forster had been the first and ablest critic of *Paracelsus,* and this Browning could not forget. When, nearly thirty years later, a new collection of his poems was issued, it was dedicated to John Forster, "my early understander."

To Forster, Dickens took amazingly from the very first. It was only a short time after the two men had begun to see each other constantly that the young novelist wrote, "I look back with unmingled pleasure to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of an attachment. It shall go hard, I hope, ere anything but death impair the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted."

The basis of the friendship was the heartfelt gratitude of an author to a critic who sympathises with and encourages him. In truth, Forster was the first to proclaim Dickens's genius, and the only one of the critics to maintain this attitude through the novelist's productive years. As George Henry Lewes has said: "Forster's admiration was ex-

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pressed long before the world had acknowledged Dickens's genius, and was continued through the long years when the majority of writers had ceased to express much fervour of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortcomings and exaggerations. There probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity who was so little appreciated by the critics."

Dickens certainly possessed an adventurous and independent spirit, yet the fact remains that he had constant recourse to Forster's judgment, and in most, though unfortunately not all, of the important steps of his life, he followed the advice of his friend, who was as candid as he was discreet, and combined in happy fashion the analytic qualities of the critic with an extensive knowledge of the world. He possessed all the instincts of a great editor, and Dickens realised from the start that he was a valuable guide.

Forster, on the other hand, took a sort of proprietary interest in Dickens. He regarded him, in a sense, as his own "discovery." Richard H. Horne, who knew Forster intimately, has remarked that, "nobody could do anything well until he had the hall-mark of his approval." It was undoubtedly a great pleasure for him to feel that one who, at the beginning of his career, received this hall-mark, had attained such enormous popularity. In the rôle of a patron Forster was superb, and he could not but have been greatly impressed and flattered that such a celebrity as Dickens should constantly defer to his opinion.

Forster's peculiar mannerisms were a constant delight to Dickens and his family. They added to the joys of the household. The novelist loved to mimic his friend's "gorgeous manner in dealing with the smallest things; the imperious manner in which he asked his famous servant, Henry, for his coat; the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab." Yet frequently his "confounded assurance" proved too much for the gentler man's temper.

"I remember a fierce word encounter," Blanchard Jerrold relates, "between Dickens and Forster on the stage of Miss Kelly's theatre." This was the little playhouse in Dean Street, Soho, afterward the Royalty, and the discussion took place at a rehearsal of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour,* by the famous amateur troop organised by Dickens, in which Forster played the part of Mr. Kitely. "Forster had gone on insisting that everything should be done according to his light until he exasperated his friend to an outburst, in which Kitely received a volley of hard words descriptive of his intolerable hectoring and self-sufficiency. The quarrel lasted till the morrow, but not beyond, for the affection between the two was too deep to let it live twenty-four hours."

His assumption of infallibility was also most irritating, but dissensions caused by this usually ended in a laugh, and often at Forster's expense. One day at a dinner party in Dickens's home some one asked how many children he had, and the novelist answered, "Four." Whereupon Forster interrupted in his authoritative fashion, "Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," remonstrated the astonished host, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," reiterated Forster in the most positive manner. It is needless to add that the father was correct.

Although Forster examined proofs of everything Dickens wrote, criticised and discussed them, the last thing to catch his eye would have been any description of himself; nevertheless he appears unmistakably now and then in the novelist's pages. The character of John Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend* contains most of these descriptive touches, and the circle of intimate friends chuckled with glee over what had passed the censor, whose dignity would have been greatly offended if he had realised there had been any such portraiture. The following characterisations were declared by those who knew to be absolutely true to life: "Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence." "He had, however, acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in clearing the world of its difficulties." "As so eminently respectable a man, Mr.

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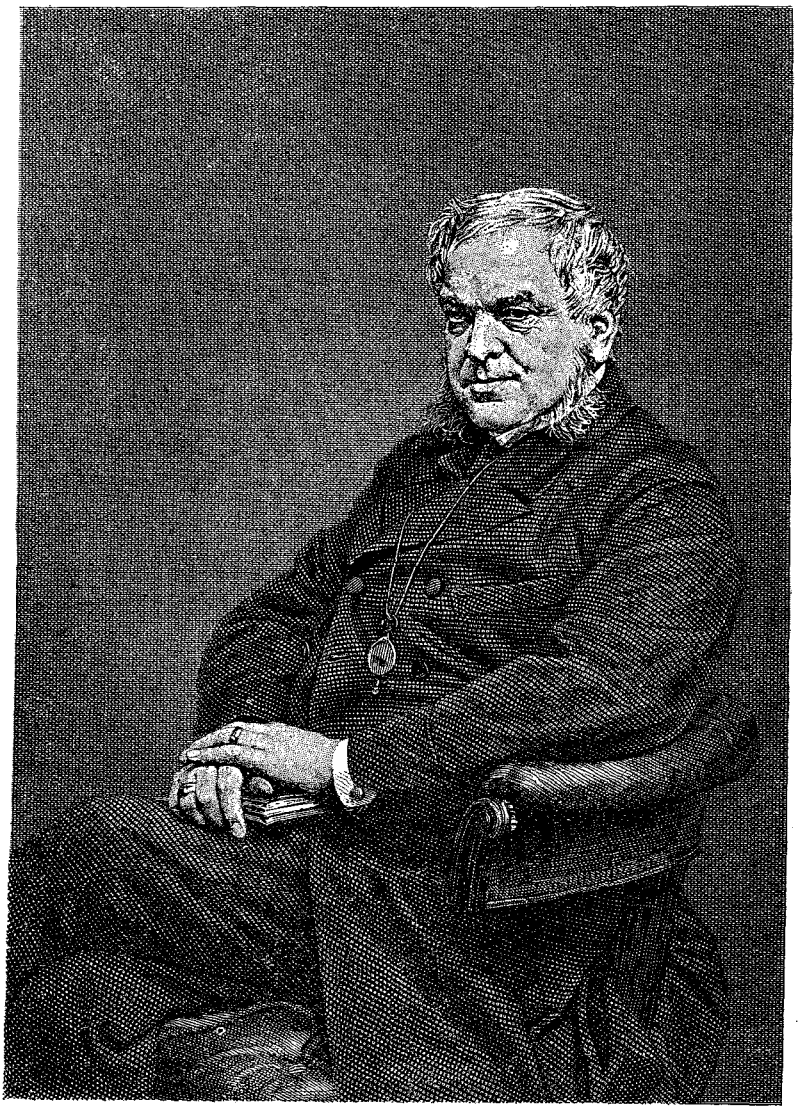

JOHN FORSTER

Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. Inferior and less respectable people might fall short of that mark, but Mr. Podsnap was always up to it."

As time went on Forster came to be regarded as a confirmed bachelor. It is true that as far back as 1835 he had been engaged to marry Letitia Landon, L.E.L., the maker of lachrymose verse whom Disraeli used to run away from, and whom he described as "the very personification of Brompton." She was ten years Forster's senior, and it is said that some malicious tales as to the lady's character caused her to offer Forster his release, which he took advantage of, much to her astonishment and grief. At any rate, she married another in 1838 and died shortly after from an accidental overdose of medicine.

Forster settled in his famous chambers at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which readers of *Bleak House* will recall as

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those of Mr. Tulkinghorn, dispensed his charming hospitality and, like Mr. Podsnap, "was particularly well satisfied with most things and with himself." But the unexpected happened, and it created a magnificent sensation among the little group which gathered about the domineering bachelor. This was in 1856. Teignmouth Shore in his entertaining volume, *Charles Dickens and His Friends,* quotes from a letter of Dickens, which brings at once to mind the famous epistle of Mme. de Sévigné anent the marriage of La Grande Mademoiselle. "I have heard the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blinding, deafening, pulverising, scarifying secret, of which Forster is the hero. . . . After I knew it (from himself) I lay down flat as if an engine and tender had fallen upon me." The secret was none other than Forster's intention to wed the widow of Henry Colburn, the well-known publisher.

Within two years after the marriage, which proved a very happy one, Forster was called upon to arrange the disruption of his friend's household. The termination of a union of more than twenty years' duration, and the subsequent attitude of Dickens's sister-in-law, "the best and truest friend man ever had," have

LETITIA LANDON (L. E. L.), TO WHOM FORSTER ENGAGED HIMSELF IN 1835

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been the theme of endless discussion. Chesterton dismisses the matter with the characteristic observation that Dickens was in love with all three of the Hogarth girls and simply "got hold of the wrong sister." There is no doubt that the premature death of Mary Hogarth was the most intense and lasting grief that ever came into Dickens's life, but even assuming that, at the time, the younger daughters of his journalistic colleague were of marriageable age, which was scarcely the case, it may be regarded as an open question whether the commonplaces of marriage would not have developed the same unhappy situation with either of the others.

In considering Dickens's course of action after the separation we must particularly bear in mind that he was just beginning his career as a public reader, and that it was of vital importance that he stand well in the estimation of the British public, with its positive ideas as to the sanctity of the home and the purity of domestic life. The publication of the statement in *Household Words* in June, 1858, a month after the separation had been arranged, can be understood on the ground that its chief purpose was to deny certain rumours affecting Dickens's moral character. Forster had the common sense and the good taste to advise against the announcement, and the question was referred to John Delane, who agreed with Dickens as to the necessity for its publication. Dickens now quarrelled violently with his friend, Mark Lemon, who refused to print it also in the pages of *Punch*—of all places in the world—and the breach was not healed until nine years later, when the two men clasped hands over the painter Stanfield's grave.

But Dickens went further than this. He wrote a letter to Arthur Smith, and requested that it be shown to those interested "as an authority for the correction of false rumours and scandal." In it he represented himself as having long resisted his wife's proposals of a separation. "I have uniformly replied," he went on, "that we must bear out our misfortunes, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together in appearance." Now Smith was Dickens's business manager, and it may readily be imagined that the "interested" ones would refer to those who might engage Dickens as a reader, and yet have some doubts, under the circumstances, as to the wisdom of doing so. The picture of his great sacrifice for the sake of his children could not but appeal strongly in his favour and against his wife to the middle-class British soul. But among those who had a peep at the document was the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* and, as might have been expected, it was published in full in that journal. The resulting gossip was tremendous, and Dickens was as thoroughly condemned as Mrs. Dickens was praised for the dignified silence she maintained.

The whole thing smacked of caddishness and vulgarity, qualities with which some of his critics affirm Dickens was amply endowed. Certainly the "violated" letter, as, in bitter repentance, at the height of the uproar he termed it, was a fatal mistake. But its publication made known one fact about which Forster in the *Life* has nothing to say. One of the chief criticisms brought against the biography was that in it Forster appears too much as the adviser and Dickens as the advised, and it is somewhat strange that as to his part in this important matter the constant adviser is completely silent. Loyalty to his friend and a desire to dismiss the matter as quickly as possible would explain it, but the historic fact is that Forster, in advance of the prevailing opinion of the day, was able to perceive that a discordant home with two quarrelling parents was a far worse example and a greater source of misery to children than a peaceful abode containing only one. Therefore, it was in response to his urgent suggestions, and with the assistance of Mark Lemon, that the Dickens household was divided and rearranged. Mrs. Dickens received a generous allowance and the eldest son. She occasionally corresponded with her husband, but never met him again. The other children lived with Dickens and his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth.

A. W. Ward in his excellent short biography of the novelist sums up the

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now generally accepted opinion as to the causes of the domestic tragedy: "If he ever loved his wife with that affection before which the so-called incompatibility of habits, temper, or disposition fade into nothingness, there is no indication of it in any of the numerous letters addressed to her." Nor did he, by force of will or character, attempt to resign himself to the situation as it developed.

The years went by, and a change came over the relations between Forster and Dickens, although "the toughness of the bond now so firmly riveted" of which the latter had written in the early days, was never weakened. On reaching middle life, Forster, as Edmund Yates has expressed it, "was almost as much over as Dickens was under their actual years." Forster's natural temperament had caused him to age more rapidly than the buoyant, light-hearted Dickens. He had been made a member of the Lunacy Commission, and the official work was very harassing. Besides, he was now falling into ill-health, and in his later years was a martyr to gout in the chest. It is, therefore, only natural that we cease to find him the preferred companion of Dickens's "lighter hour"—a place which was now filled by Wilkie Collins. Forster did not believe he would live to perform the task of writing his friend's biography, but as a matter of fact he survived him for the space of six years.

The first two volumes of the *Life of Charles Dickens* appeared in 1872 and 1873. An enormous number of letters from Dickens to Forster were included. Collectors of literary treasures will read in despair Fitzgerald's description of the preparation of the work: "To save time and trouble—this I was told by Mrs. Forster—he [Forster] would cut out the passages he wanted with a pair of scissors and paste them on the manuscript. As the portion written on the back was lost the rest was valueless." Forster was a biographer of some reputation. He had written, among other things, a popular *Life of Goldsmith* and had performed the same service for the memory of his friends, Walter Savage Landor, and Alexander Dyce.

The first volume contained one great surprise—it amounted to a sensation—not only for the public but for Dickens's closest friends. A secret of his early life, hidden from his wife even, was revealed. Some of the details of David Copperfield's pathetic youth were now known to be autobiographical. Murdstone and Grinby's wine warehouse was really Jonathan Warren's shoe-blacking establishment. At the age of ten, while his father was in the Marshalsea Prison for debt, Dickens had worked at Warren's for a few shillings a week. In after years the novelist became exceedingly sensitive in regard to this experience—

From a sketch by W. M. Thackeray

DICKENS AND HIS FRIENDS IN CORNWALL. THE CARRIAGE CONTAINS DANIEL MACLISE, CLARKSON STANFIELD, CHARLES DICKENS AND JOHN FORSTER

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it was his skeleton in the closet—and Forster alone of his circle knew the facts, which had been communicated in an autobiographical sketch. Even the Dickens family, when they learned of the episode, wished the matter touched upon as lightly as possible, but Forster, always resentful of interference, printed the story in Dickens's own words. And yet it seems as if retrospection must have clothed the incident, for Dickens, in more

Drawn by Maclise in 1842

CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER

importance, and developed more self-pity than it really deserved. It is not difficult to imagine the boy as reconciled to his lot, and enjoying the small sum placed at his disposal. Forster believes that the experience really did him harm by sharpening the fierce individualism which so often marred his genial nature, but others have thought him the gainer by this early contact with some of the sterner realities, for as Lewes has remarked: "Dickens's intelligence was restricted to perceptions. He was not of a reflective or intellectual type."

The publication of the first two volumes of the *Life* brought many protests, especially from the novelist's intimate friends. It was Wilkie Collins who wittily said that it was "the life of John Forster with occasional anecdotes of Charles Dickens." Critics of the *Life of Goldsmith* had urged that Forster overcrowded the canvas with his subject's contemporaries, and precisely the opposite objection was put forward now. The contemporaries were alive and they wanted a place in the picture, but it was all Dickens and Forster, and everyone else was left out. An observation of James T. Fields concerning Forster is significant in regard to this: "For Dickens he had a love amounting to jealousy. He never quite relished any-

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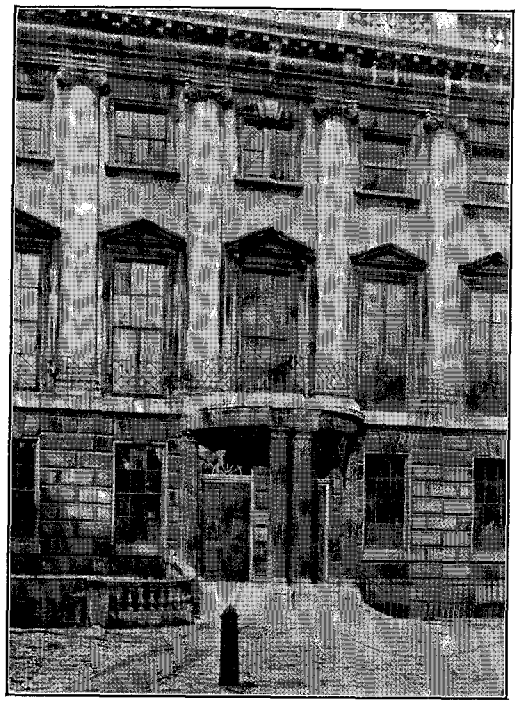


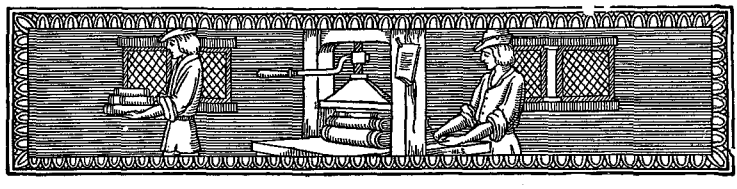
FORSTER'S HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. THIS HOUSE WAS THE RESIDENCE OF THE LAWYER TULKINGHORN IN "BLEAK HOUSE"

body else whom the great novelist had an affection for, and I have heard many droll stories touching this weakness." Here was the supreme opportunity for Forster to have his friend all to himself, and he did not neglect it.

Complaint took the forms that Dickens, reflected through his correspondence with Forster, is made out a very weak character, constantly needing advice, which was not the case; that the impression conveyed to the world was not the right one, and that this would not have happened if the biographer had pictured his subject in his intimate relations with others as well as himself. There existed a voluminous Dickens correspondence (most of which was afterward published by members of the family) which Forster refused to touch, and needless to say a large part of it was in the hands of those who had discovered themselves to be mere shadows in the background of a work which was sure to attain great popularity.

Forster, weakened by ill health, no longer had the spirit to defy "the persistent clamours of the disappointed and the envious," with the result that the third volume (beginning with Chapter Seven, Book Six of the present edition) was voted the dullest of the three. The keynote was changed, and the particular chosen attitude of author to subject which characterises all great biographies was missing. The incidents great and small were dignified as before, but in the words of a later critic, "we have Boz described as he would be in an encyclopædia, instead of through Forster acting as his interpreter, and much was lost by this treatment."

The present edition, in honour of the centenary of Dickens's birth, will be a delight to all who love him. The text stands unchanged, but the great mass of illustrative matter makes it as complete a pictorial as it is a written record of the novelist's career. Hundreds of portraits and views depict the people he knew, the scenes he described, and the places in which his life from the cradle to the grave was spent. An additional feature of much interest is the reproduction of the cover pages of the original edition of his works, and there are many facsimiles of manuscript pages.



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AMERICA'S FIRST STATUE TO DICKENS

In a public square in Philadelphia a statue of Charles Dickens was erected six years ago. The figure of the novelist is shown in a characteristic pose with one hand on his beard, and the other thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair. Looking up to the novelist is a figure of little Nell.

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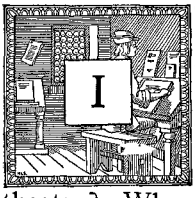
MIDWINTER NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IT would be interesting if some psychologist would undertake to formulate the philosophy of entertainment. What is it, for example, that entertains us in the theatre? Why do we find the drama so much more enjoyable than life that we are willing to pay two dollars to see a play when we might walk the streets for nothing or ride upon the subway for five cents? The answer, if there is any to be found, must lie inherent in our attitude of mind. We find the subway and the streets unentertaining only because we have shut our eyes upon the life about us and have refused to regard it as a province of adventure; we miss the joy because we have remained self-centred. But in the theatre, if the play succeed with us, we cease to be self-centred; we adventure out of our own lives into the lives of the characters upon the stage; we discover the joy of realising other people.

For that is, I think, the psychologic essence of our experience in witnessing an interesting play. We check our own lives in the coat-room, to resume them only after the final curtain falls. Meanwhile we live, in imagination, the lives of many people whose destinies are different from our own. For two hours we escape the tyranny of self and enjoy a transmigration of the soul. We exchange our personalities for those the actors set before us. We find the momentary centre of the universe no longer seated in ourselves, but set within those other people that we have become.

It is for the critic to note only that this is the psychologic source of entertainment; but for the ethical philosopher it would be interesting to speculate upon the moral influence of this experience. It must be good for us now and then to live the lives of other people,—to sense the universe as it appears to *them,* instead of considering ourselves, as we usually do, the special darlings of destiny or butts for all the bludgeonings of chance. "Out of my country and myself I go," sang the old poet quoted by R. L. S. in *The Amateur Emigrant;* and the best of all our voyaging is to escape from self. But so long as we are prisoned in this planet, there is no possible secession from the insistency of human life, and the only way in which we may escape from our own lives is by adventuring into the lives of others. And such a transmigration is the happiest of all adventures; and the theatre, by wooing us unwittingly to this imaginative sacrifice of self, exerts a moral influence upon us which long-faced preachers would do well to think upon.

It is the test of an interesting play that it shall transform us into some one else during the two hours' traffic of the stage; for if we miss this mystical allurement, we miss the joy of theatre-going,—and "to miss the joy," as Stevenson remarked, "is to miss all." Yet so versatile is our endowment of imaginative sympathy that there is scarcely any limit to the range of people we are willing to become, at the behest of a play that appeals sincerely to our human wander-longing. It is the virtue of *Peter Pan* that it makes us children once again; it is the virtue of *Hedda Gabler* that it makes us ultra-experienced and worldly-wise. We can be young and gay with Rosalind or grievously contemplative with Hamlet; and after either experience we shall return into our little cage of self refreshed from voyaging.

"Kismet"

Measured by this psychologic test, Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Arabian Night" entitled *Kismet* is the most refreshing of all the midwinter nights' entertainments now current in New York. By its luxury of narrative it bereaves the most sophisticated theatre-goer of his habitual conscious-

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MR. OTIS SKINNER AS HAJJ THE BEGGAR IN "KISMET"

"Hajj is a treacherous, sly, savage, unctuous, and cruel dog; and for this we love him. As represented by the most imaginative actor on our stage, he is a buoyantly living being."

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ness of self, and transforms him for three hours into a cross-legged, turbaned, Oriental potentate, listening with lusting ears to the unfolding of a preposterous and savage legend of the wondrous East of long ago.

It is perhaps the deepest merit of *Kismet* as an entertainment that it washes the mind clean of all morality. To be consciously moral is to presuppose the existence, and flatter the importance, of immorality. To say aloud "Thou shalt not kill" is to admit the imminence of a temptation to indulge in murder. We have, I think, a tendency to moralise too much. The most, and possibly the best of life, is neither moral nor immoral. Matthew Arnold said that conduct is three-fourths of life; but it must seem to healthy minds that he has set it rather high. It is neither moral nor immoral to comb the hair or tie the necktie or kiss the babe or eat the luscious oyster or read Mr. Franklin Adams's column in the *Evening Mail;* yet little innocent pursuits like these fill up far more than that one-quarter of our life that the English moralist admits to be exempt from the tyranny of conscious conduct. We are not forever rising to a crisis that demands a high decision between right and wrong; we are not always on the point of breaking some commandment: and it is one of the clearest indications that the time is out of joint that so many of our writers are worrying themselves, with unnecessary morbidness, about matters of morality.

For this reason, it is very good for us to escape every now and then into the mind of some untroubled writer,—like old Dumas, for instance,—for whom morality does not exist and who is therefore never conscious of immorality; it cleans and clarifies us to live a little in a world where there is neither right nor wrong. And *Kismet* gives us this experience. It lures us to that fabled Baghdad of one thousand and one years ago, "where there aren't no ten commandments, and the best is like the worst," where theft and lust and murder are casual and careless incidents (like smoking a cigar) rather than responsible infractions of decorum (like breaking a dinner-invitation). And surely it is rare and great good fun to stab your enemy and hold him gladly under water till his last breath bubbles up, and to know all the time that you are doing neither right

"THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"—ACT I

"One of Dolly Todd's boarders is the dashing and alluring Aaron Burr; and through him she also meets the patient and faithful-hearted Madison."

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nor wrong. It is thus that we have all committed murder in the savage, innocent imaginings of boyhood; and perhaps it is not merely humorous to say that to listen avidly to such a story is one way of becoming, for the moment, like a little child again.

In the dream-world of the story-telling East, anything may happen; and pretty nearly everything does happen to the beggar Hajj, within [how aptly falls the phrase of Aristotle!] "a single revolution of the sun." We see him first snoring on the steps of the Mosque of the Carpenters in the pearly light of dawn; we see him last snoring on the same steps in the opalescent dark of evening: but between the dawning and the dark he has had his day of days. His life before we saw him was as nothing; his life after we have left him will be as nothing also: but it was written in the book of fate that he should have his crowded day of glorious life, and that we should share it with him.

His story is unfolded as a picaresque romance,—one incident treading on another's heels, and the whole narrative hauling us along through a kaleidoscopic rush of action. There is no time to think, no time to breathe, no time (thank heaven) to remember our grown-up moralising selves. Hajj is a treacherous, sly, savage, unctuous, and cruel dog; and for this we love him. He tricks his ancient enemy into giving him a purse of gold, and starts the day both wealthy and accursed. He slyly robs the tailors, in the street of their bazaar, of sumptuous silks and gorgeous garments, and assumes the dress and air of elegance. He is betrayed, arrested, and dragged before the great Wazir. He is condemned to suffer amputation of the hands. To save himself from this annoying, inconvenient fate he agrees to stab the Caliph, to whose high seat the Wazir is the heir presumptive. The Caliph, without the beggar's knowledge, has been wooing Hajj's daughter in the guise of a gardener's son and has won her young, impressionable heart; but Hajj thinks he is doing a fine thing for Marsinah when he secures the Wazir's promise (treacherous, of course) to marry her. She is dragged away to the harem of the man she does not love.

"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"—ACT III

"Senator Larkin orders Judson out of his house, and the housekeeper prepares to leave."

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"KINDLING"—ACT I

"Maggie tells Mrs. Bates, the wash-woman who lives upstairs; and these two wonder desperately if something may not be done to give the child that is to come a fighting chance for life and health."

"KINDLING"—ACT III

"A detective hired by Mrs. Burke-Smith has been drawing the toils more and more closely around Maggie; and it is only with the active assistance of Miss Alice that she is able to save herself from arrest."

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Meanwhile, Hajj has wheedled his way into the presence of the Caliph and dashed at him with a dagger. The blade is deflected by the Caliph's coat of mail, and Hajj is cast into a dungeon to die. There he discovers his ancient enemy, who has also been arrested, but who now is pardoned and is about to be led back to the light of day. Gleefully the beggar strangles his enemy, and changes clothes with him, and by this subterfuge escapes once more to freedom. He learns that the Wazir has broken his promise to marry Marsinah, and rushes to the harem to rescue her. Here he finds the Wazir, and discovers him to be the son of his detestable and murdered enemy. He stabs the Wazir, hurls him into a bathing pool, and counts the bubbles of his dying breath as they trickle upward through the water. He saves his daughter from the harem and sends her to seek sanctuary in the Mosque of the Carpenters. Thither, with a luminous and musical procession, the Caliph goes to claim her as his wife; and she, who loved, as she supposed, a gardener's apprentice, finds herself beloved and queened by the royal ruler of the land. On her account her father escapes execution for his attempted assassination of the Caliph; but he is sentenced to exile and ordered to set out the morrow morn upon a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Action is the dominant note of this hurrying and many-mooded narrative. There is never any lull in the luxuriance of incident. Yet there is character also; and Hajj—especially as represented by the most imaginative actor on our stage—is a buoyantly living being. And the story is illustrated (but never for a moment impeded or obscured) by a sumptuous investiture of scenic decoration, which, scene after scene (and there must be nearly a dozen different settings), delights the eye, and drenches the mind with all the glamour of the gorgeous East.

"The Witness for the Defence"

In *The Witness for the Defence* Mr. A. E. W. Mason tells a story that ought to be absorbing but that fails of its full measure of effect because of certain vital errors in construction. It seems commonplace to insist that the novel is one art and the drama is another; but the point is pressed upon us when an able novelist like Mr. Mason tries his hand at making plays and fails to make them well.

The first act passes in a large and well-appointed tent in Rajputana, India. Stella Ballantyne has been married for six years to a government official whose habit of solitary drinking has brutalised his character and reduced his mind to the verge of delirium tremens. A former lover of hers, named Henry Thresk, a distinguished lawyer who is travelling in India, looks in upon them unexpectedly at dinner and observes the horror of her situation. To him the drunken husband nervously confesses an insane fear of assassination by certain natives he imagines to be tracking him. Thresk takes his leave. After he is gone, Ballantyne breaks out in a fit of causeless anger against his wife and rushes at her in a brutal rage. In self-defence she shoots him dead.

Stella is taken to Bombay and tried upon a charge of murder. She is about to interpose a plea of self-defence, when Thresk turns up, and by telling his tale of the dead man's fear of imminent assassination convinces the jury that he must have been slain by the natives. Stella is, upon his evidence, acquitted. —Now, any dramatist would know that the trial of Stella, or at least some incident immediately connected with it, is what Sarcey used to call a *scène à faire*, —a scene that must be shown in action to the spectators, because the first act has led them to expect, and in consequence, demands it. But Mr. Mason contents himself with narrating the circumstances of the trial in a retrospective dialogue that takes place in England two years later.

Stella is by that time endeavouring to reëstablish herself in English society and has become engaged to a young man of good family whom she really loves. By subtle subterfuges the young man's family succeed in getting Thresk to visit them; and they question him closely concerning the details of the murder-case. Thresk successfully defends the heroine and convinces his interrogators of her innocence.

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In a subsequent midnight dialogue between the heroine and Thresk, she tells him, for the first time, the full circumstances of the shooting and sets before him all the motives that led up to it. This scene is regarded by Mr. Mason as the climax of his play; but its dramatic effectiveness is discounted by the fact that the audience, having witnessed the first act, is already in full possession of the truth. When an author has exhibited a certain action, it is superfluous for him to narrate it afterward. And, having devoted one-half of his third act to telling the audience what has already happened, Mr. Mason proceeds to make the contrary mistake, and devotes the other half to telling the audience what is going to happen. For Thresk now persuades Stella to confess the truth to the man she is engaged to; and in the subsequent act she merely does what she has promised, without any variation or diversion from expectancy.

It will be seen that Mr. Mason's error was that, in the main, he staged the wrong scenes of his story and failed to stage the right scenes,—the scenes that were really dramatic. In consequence, although his characterisation is adequately true to life and his dialogue is written with suavity, the play fails to take possession of the audience.

"The Marionettes"

The Marionettes, by M. Pierre Wolff, is also (as a work of art) a failure; but for a deeper reason. It is fashioned in accordance with a formula. The author wrote it with his eye upon the stage,—and in particular the stage of the Théatre Français, into whose hallowed precincts he effected an entrance with this effort; but he did not write it with his eye on life. In consequence it remains, quite apparently, a fabrication, and fails to induce the illusion of reality.

A gay young marquis has married, for family and financial reasons, a taciturn and timid little country girl, fresh from a convent. He finds no interest in her company, and continues to associate intimately with the more flashing, flaunting women of his bachelor days. But his little wife loves him, and resolves to win him by imitating the sort of women he prefers. She comes out of her chrysalis and emerges suddenly into very gay society. She gathers about her a bevy of masculine admirers, and encourages one ardent-minded lover to the point of planning an elopement with her. By this means she wounds her husband's pride, excites his jealousy, and ultimately wins his love.

This is one of the most conventional of those recurrent stories that are told us in the theatre every year or so. The formula is popular, because it affords the leading actress an opportunity for a sudden and striking transformation of personality between the first and second acts. But little is ever told us about life in these machine-made plays. The characters remain, as M. Wolff has confessed (somewhat naïvely) in his title, mere marionettes; and since they have no real existence, we cannot entertain ourselves by discarding our own lives and assuming theirs.

"The Senator Keeps House"

The Marionettes may be regarded as a ready-made suit, warranted to fit almost any actress of accomplishment; but *The Senator Keeps House* has been carefully cut by Martha Morton to the measure of Mr. William H. Crane. It is always a wholesome experience to exchange lives for an evening with a character composed by this affable, ingratiating actor; and the merit of the present piece is that it offers the audience an opportunity for this experience.

Senator Larkin is a widower of wealth; and his nephew lives with him in Washington. Their domesticity has been disturbed by a frequent change of housekeepers; for each successive occupant of this position has tried to marry the Senator, and, failing, has been permitted to resign. But at last a Congressman named Judson introduces to the Senator the best of all housekeepers, who proceeds to make him completely comfortable. She has a little daughter, too, with whom the nephew falls in love.

Judson is prosecuting a claim against the Government which is held by some woman whose identity is not known to the Senator. The Senator investigates this claim, and discovers that it is un-

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just and that Judson is dishonest in supporting it. He opposes it with all his energy, and is rudely shocked when he finds out that the claimant is his housekeeper and that Judson's motive in introducing her had been to afford her an opportunity to undermine, by her immediate personal appeal, the opposition of the Senator. He orders Judson out of his house, and the housekeeper prepares to leave.

But all along she has herself believed her issue to be just and has been ignorant of Judson's motives; and of her innocence and honesty the Senator becomes convinced, after he has learned that his nephew has already married her daughter. The play closes, therefore, with a genial reconciliation and a prospect of pleasant permanence in the domestic arrangements of the Senator.

This is an innocent and amiable play. It is sufficiently humorous, sufficiently sentimental. The author does not ask us to take life very seriously, but bids us don a tender-hearted smile. There is a gentleness about this comedy that must be called old-fashioned; but old-fashions, like old shoes, are comfortable; and it is sometimes rather restful to be relieved from novelty.

"The First Lady in the Land"

The First Lady in the Land, by Mr. Charles Nirdlinger, is a pretty and a witty composition. It carries us back to those early days of our Republic when people wore costumes instead of clothes and behaved toward each other with an artful gallantry. There were manners in those days; and the period offers, therefore, an appropriate setting for a comedy of manners.

Dolly Todd is first disclosed as the charmingest of widows. She is demurely dressed in Quaker grey, but there is a flashing in her eyes. She is—what is the polite phrase?—reduced in circumstances; and is keeping a boarding-house in Philadelphia. One of her boarders is the dashing and alluring Aaron Burr; and through him she also meets the patient and faithful-hearted Madison. Both of them pay court to her; and she wavers for some time between them, with many flutterings of heart. It is on her account that Burr challenges Hamilton to mortal combat; for the latter has mentioned her name lightly in a smiling moment after dinner. She implores him to let Hamilton escape unharmed, and ultimately wins his promise; and when he has broken it, she gives her hand to Madison.

Burr embarks madly upon his preposterous scheme to seize the empery of Mexico. Meanwhile, Dolly Madison, as the wife of the Secretary of State in the cabinet of the bachelor Jefferson, acts as hostess at the President's dinner-parties and tactfully corrects the social errors into which the President, with ultra-democratic carelessness, allows himself to stumble. It becomes evident that Madison will be the next President, and that Dolly will long remain the first lady in the land; but as Aaron Burr involves himself deeper and deeper in that career of plotting that results ultimately in his arrest upon a charge of treason, Dolly and James Madison remain faithful to their friendship for him, and offer him in their house the last refuge of his wrecked career.

This slender but graceful story sustains a consistent and convincing picture of an interesting period. There is a charming atmosphere about the play. The dialogue is written with a tasteful intermingling of sentiment and humour. At times the humour deepens into pathos, and at times the humour brightens into wit. There is a dash and go in many passages that keeps the mind alert; and the author has succeeded in evoking the romance of history.

"Just to Get Married"

There are few stories more familiar than that of the scheming woman who tricks a rich man into asking her to marry him, suffers subsequently a quivering of conscience because he turns out to be too good a fellow to betray, tells him the truth before it is too late and sends him away from her, and then discovers that she loves him really and lays her heart at his feet. This story is told us once again by Miss Cicely Hamilton in her comedy entitled *Just to Get Married;* but she has filled in the familiar formula with real material and made an entertaining play.

Miss Hamilton has devoted consider-

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able thought to the life-problem of that unfortunate class of women who are brought up to be useless. These feminine aristocrats who are trained to regard any social service as a degradation, and a comfortable marriage as their only destiny, constitute, of course, our last barbaric heritage from the centuries of feudalism. Before long we shall be rid of them. Our best women are now learning that life is empty without labour, and that to have existed to no service is the same as never to have lived. "You have your heritage," said Goethe, "Now earn it"; and life itself is a heritage that must be earned, by women as well as men, by aristocrats as well as the more fortunate members of the middle classes. Society is coming now to see this. But, meanwhile, what are our useless women, our parasites upon society, our girls who wait in idleness until some man appears and requests the privilege of paying their bills,—what are these women to do with themselves, what can they do for humanity at large? The unreality of their position results in unreality of character: they must, indeed, be deeply stirred to waken into life, to grow up into real people, to take their places in that militant procession which is the marching of mankind.

This problem is earnestly probed by Miss Hamilton in her analysis of the emotions of her heroine; and the old story "comes alive" (as children say) because the author is using it as a medium for saying something real. The whole comedy is genuine and heartfelt. Nevertheless, it is unfailingly light in touch and amusing in tone. It makes us think a little; but it does so with a smile.

"Kindling"

But we are stepping out of the theatre into life when we turn our attention from these midwinter nights' entertainments to that sincere and sympathetic study of the emotions of the desperate poor that is entitled *Kindling*.

This beautiful and noble play is the work of a newcomer to our theatre. His name is CHARLES KENYON; and I find myself unable to resist the compliment of requesting the printer to set his name in capitals. His play is not a masterpiece. There are one or two moments when the fabrication falters and we feel the plot intruding on the characters; and the tone of the dialogue occasionally wavers from natural simplicity to formal rhetoric. But the piece has the ring of reality and the appeal of high sincerity. The author wrote it because he cared deeply about life, and not for any lesser reason. He had something to say; he said it to the best of his ability; and you know that he meant it, —meant it with all the power that was in him. It is a better thing to be a person than to have made a masterpiece.

Mr. Kenyon is a young newspaper man on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*. If memory is not at fault, he is the author of that striking one-act melodrama, entitled *The Flag-Station,* which attracted favourable notice some three or four seasons ago; but *Kindling* is his first full-length play to be presented in New York. It should by no means be his last. Mr. Kenyon has many gifts for the theatre. He has a natural instinct for plotting, for the revelation of character through incident, for the expression of profound emotion in direct and touching dialogue; but, best of all, he has that love of life that leads to understanding, and that essential sincerity of attitude and utterance that wins and holds the sympathy of his audience.

Maggie and Heinie Schultz are desperately poor. They live in a little room of a fetid tenement in the lower East Side of New York,—a tenement that violates the building laws and the code of public health. It is owned by Mrs. Burke-Smith, a wealthy and snobbish aristocrat who lives in a palace on Fifth Avenue. She has so much property that she does not even know that this particular tenement is hers; but its inhabitants pay their toll of rent into the coffers of her estate, and endure as best they can the conditions of living that are imposed upon them. These conditions are especially hard upon the children. There is no light; there is no air. Most of the babies that are born there turn sickly in a little while, and soon afterward are carried out and buried. Heinie has always considered it a blessing that he and Maggie have no children; and one day, when he

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comes home out of a job, because his labour-union has ordered him to quit work for some inexplicable reason, he tells his wife that if ever they should have a child he would rather kill it than let it grow up cramped and hopeless in the slums.

Heinie says this with angry emphasis, as if he meant it; and Maggie does not dare to tell him now that she expects to be a mother. But she tells Mrs. Bates, the wash-woman who lives upstairs; and these two wonder desperately if something may not be done to give the child that is to come a fighting chance for life and health. If only Maggie had a hundred dollars, she and Heinie could go west to Wyoming and get the government to give them enough land to start a little farm. These homestead lands that the government gives away are lonely and unlovely; but at least it is possible to live a healthy life in such surroundings, and all that is needed is the railroad fare to get there.

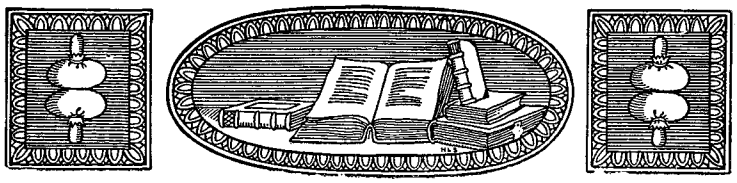
This plan of emigration becomes a fixed idea with Maggie; and her dominating thought in life is now to get the hundred dollars that is necessary in order that her child may have a chance. So when Steve Bates, the sly and tricky son of the wash-woman, subtly tempts her to connive with him in robbing the Fifth Avenue palace of Mrs. Burke-Smith, she lacks the armour to resist the force of the temptation. Steve robs the house, with her assistance, and gives her a jewelled brooch which she pawns for a little more than a hundred dollars.

She now tells Heinie of her desire to go to Wyoming and begs him to start with her that very night. She says that she has borrowed the necessary money from Miss Alice, the daughter of Mrs. Burke-Smith, who is doing settlement work and has always been kind to Maggie. But Heinie disbelieves this and accuses Maggie of having stolen the money; and his suspicion is scarcely set at rest even when Miss Alice enters and, in order to save Maggie, corroborates her story. But when she tells him that she is to have a child, he takes her in his arms and tells her that they will go West at once and found a homestead.

But a detective hired by Mrs. Burke-Smith has been drawing the toils more and more closely around Maggie; and it is only with the active assistance of Miss Alice that she is able to save herself from arrest. But in the end, the charge against her is discarded; Heinie accepts the money as a loan from Miss Alice; and we know that Maggie and Heinie will start at once to begin the new life in the West.

This thrillingly pathetic play is admirable as a work of art; but it is even more important as a social document. It reminds us with a pang that each of us is at least a tacit partner in a social organisation that is guilty of infanticide upon an enormous scale. There is blood upon our hands; and the responsibility is ours. What are we going to do about it?—remain silent partners in the crime, or take a more active hand in the business of society and endeavour to reorganise it in such a way as to mitigate its cruelty? Mr. Kenyon is an artist, and his play is not polemical; but after we have lived the life of Maggie Schultz for an evening in the theatre, we can scarcely go back to our own more snug and comfortable lives without asking ourselves some questions such as these.

In the March number, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The Function of Dramatic Criticism."



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THE CONVENTION OF THE STRAIGHT PART AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

F all theatrical conventions, claimed by the dramatist and cheerfully accepted by the general public, none is more firmly established by long custom than the arbitrary distinction between the "straight" part and the "character" part. Its basis, of course, is the false assumption that humanity may be divided definitely into two classes: people who are normal and people who are queer; people who move through their daily routine without attracting notice by their facial peculiarities, their mannerisms, their eccentricities of speech or action, and other people who in one or more of these respects inadvertently and inevitably impress themselves upon public notice with the force of a comic valentine or a flaming poster.

As a matter of fact, no such distinction can exist in a world in which heredity is all the time faithfully doing its best toward the conservation of the species. Outside of the lunatic asylum and the "freak" museum, we are all of us playing, in a broad sense of the term, "straight" parts, all of us taken at pretty nearly our actual human worth by those in our immediate environment, and not judged and remembered solely for a mole on the left cheek or the mispronunciation of a single word. And on the other hand, we all of us are playing, in some measure, a "character" part, all of us possessed of some greater or less abnormality, something that would need only a slight exaggeration to render it funny or grotesque. Accordingly, a "character" part, as understood in theatrical circles, is not an actual lie, but an overemphasised truth, in precisely the same way that a caricature, in order to be a good one, must be an exaggeration of what is true. The more nearly a man or woman comes to the perfect norm, the more difficult it becomes to caricature them effectually. It is rather hard to imagine an effective comic cartoon of the Milo Venus or the Apollo Belvidere. But a majority of the men and women who have achieved big things lend themselves readily to the art of the cartoonist, because of the stamp of a strong nature which they bear for the whole world to see,—only the world is, fortunately, too much concerned with their really important qualities to give undue heed to surface peculiarities.

Now, the practical question that is thrust upon every writer of fiction is, to what extent shall he make his characters play "straight" parts; to what extent shall he keep them free from physical or moral blemishes, abnormalities which refuse to be forgotten? The tendency, with most writers, is to individualise too strongly. The cheapest of all tricks by which to give the reader the illusion of knowing a character is to label that character at once in some obvious and unmistakable way; there is no danger of ever confusing a hunchback or a man with a wooden leg with any of the other personages in a story. Dickens knew the value of this trick and perpetually overworked it; that is why, to many of his readers, his most familiar characters persistently suggest the art of the cartoonist.

Every novelist must answer the question for himself. If he fails to characterise sufficiently, his people will probably be criticised as "wooden." If, on the other hand, their peculiarities are overemphasised, he runs the risk of making them inappropriately comic. In real life, the fact that an otherwise attractive girl is slightly cross-eyed, or walks with a perceptible limp, need not prevent her from being genuinely loved by a worthy man, who never gives a thought to her physical imperfection from one week's end to another. But the moment you confess that the heroine of your novel has such a blemish, it becomes at once the one ever present feature in the mind of your reader; he cannot think of her

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without remembering unpleasantly that slight caste in her eye, or that uncertainty in her gait.

From this fact, it is easy to formulate a simple and practical rule. The writer of fiction has only to ask himself whether, in each and every personal detail that he mentions, he wishes his reader to carry them perpetually in mind,—whether, in short, each detail is of structural importance and contributes something toward the forward movement of the story. The novelist has this big advantage over the dramatist: he is not compelled to show us precisely how his characters look, down to unimportant details. Characters on the stage have to be seen; there is no chance for pleasurable conjecture. But in a book, it not infrequently happens that we never learn the colour of the heroine's hair and eyes; we are left free to identify her more or less vaguely with our own ideal. The really careful writer puts in no detail without some good reason, some definite intention to make use of it later on. When Dumas first introduced his three musketeers to us, through the medium of their three separate quarrels with D'Artagnan,—in the case of Athos, a quarrel based on a slight to his punctilious honour, in the case of Aramis, an indiscretion regarding a lady's handkerchief, and in that of Porthos, the portrayal of the fact that his gorgeous belt was a sham which went only half way around,—his purpose was far more subtle than merely to make plausible excuses for the rapid sequence of challenges; it was to reveal character, and tell us at once, in a way not to be forgotten, that Athos was the man of gentle birth and sensitive honour, that Aramis was a man of intrigue and clandestine meetings, and that Porthos was beset with a love of ostentation and vulgar display.

If it is necessary to be sure that individual details are of structural importance, when they are pleasant or comparatively trivial, far greater discretion is demanded when the details are unpleasant or such as tend to alienate the reader's sympathies. A birth-mark disfiguring the beauty of a woman's cheek is an excellent illustration of this principle. Absurd! the average man would exclaim, no author in his sober senses would so badly handicap his heroine. Yet that is precisely what Hawthorne did, in the short story entitled "The Birth-mark"; and he was justified in doing it, because that birth-mark was not merely of structural importance, but it was the key-note, the turning-point of the whole story. A cripple, a hideous monstrosity is not the sort of hero that most novelists voluntarily choose. But the hero of *Sir Richard Calmady,* however repellent we may think the book, is technically justified, because without his deformity we would have no story; the whole central theme is the moral ugliness that comes from brooding upon a misshapen body.

Nevertheless, it needs a special sort of bravery for any author to take as his chief character an abnormal type, warped in body or in soul; and when such an attempt is successfully carried through, it indicates a degree of craftsmanship far in excess of that demanded in the case of a thoroughly likable hero or heroine. If you stop to think of it, the books in which the leading part is frankly unpleasant, a person whom we should do our best to avoid in real life, are extremely rare, even if we include such allegorical stories as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and pseudo-scientific extravaganzas like *The Invisible Man.* But to take the type of the modern society novel, to succeed in taking a character devoid of all redeeming qualities, and make that character dominate everything and everybody, throughout four hundred pages, and hypnotise the reader into an enthralled attention, is to accomplish one of the hardest and rarest feats in the craft of fiction writing.

"Tante"

In saying that this is precisely the sort of triumph achieved by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, in her new and undeniably remarkable novel, *Tante,* it is necessary to guard against conveying an unjust and erroneous impression of the nature of the book. The story has nothing to do with physical deformity, nor with such mental or moral abnormality as would belong more properly to a pathological text-book.

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Nevertheless, what the author has done is to give us a heroine whose influence throughout her life is solely for evil, who makes every one coming in contact with her the worse for having done so, and who does all this knowingly, and merely in order to satisfy a colossal egotism. Madame Okraska, who in private life is Madame von Marwitz, is the greatest living pianist of Europe. We meet her first at a concert, the only concert that she condescends to give, this particular season, in London. The author takes us through the audience and lets us overhear the eager whispers, the curious conjectures, the idle gossip, the almost worshipful praise. She is the divinity of the hour and her worshippers are all present to do her homage. And presently she appears, a large, opulent, still strikingly beautiful woman, despite her forty-six years; and throughout the afternoon she holds that audience in her grip as only a rarely gifted musician can. We see her at the zenith of her triumph, surrounded, at the close of the concert, by an almost delirious mob of worshipful men and women crowding and jostling for an opportunity to kiss her hand. If there were nothing more of real worth in the book, this opening chapter, with its sense of crowds and movement and nervous tension, would alone make it an achievement of some importance; and this same opening chapter is remarkable in still another way, namely, for the finished craft with which, in the midst of all that crowd, it introduces us successively to all the principal characters of the story and in such a manner as to convey quite unmistakably their various human relationships and their relative importance, one toward another. As a matter of fact, the framework of the story is rather complex; and it is spread over a rather wide canvas, as befits the sustained amplitude of its characters and its theme. But for the purpose of the present review, it will suffice to single out just two from that audience, a man and a woman. The man is Gregory Jardine, a London barrister in the early thirties. He has no special interest in music; he has come to the concert through idle curiosity; it is obvious that the fulsome adulation of the audience strikes him as foolish, if not rather sickening. But there is one thing that does interest him: the face of a woman, or rather a young girl, in one of the boxes. He learns from the gossip around him that she is a sort of ward, almost an adopted daughter, of the great pianist, that her name is Karen Woodruff, that her past history is tragic, and that there is a stigma upon her birth. Jardine's friends take it for granted, when later he seeks the acquaintance of Madame von Marwitz, that she has added one more to her host of worshippers; they do not suspect that the real attraction is Karen Woodruff, whom they have long since labelled as a negligible quantity. It is a difficult thing to pass over with adequate brevity these quite wonderful early scenes of the book: Madame holding sway regally, always the same opulent, commanding presence, graciously condescending to bestow a smile or to surrender her hand to be obsequiously kissed, and holding her audience spellbound while she booms forth her views on art and music and life in her deep, sonorous, guttural voice. But all of this is merely a prelude to a big, poignant, intimate drama. Jardine is not of the kind who can bestow flattery simply because it is expected. His first meeting with Madame von Marwitz is like the crossing of two swords; and if it had not chanced that arrangements were already made for an extensive concert tour in America, his courtship of Karen would probably never have taken place. The girl, left behind at an isolated country place in Wales, and wretchedly lonely because of the absence of the woman whom she idolises, gratefully turns to Jardine, whose constant letters and presents of books and fruits and flowers prepare the way for a swift wooing,—and before Madame von Marwitz has returned from America, eager entreaties have won from her a cabled consent to the wedding. It is not until after the honeymoon that the real tragedy of the book begins. Karen finds herself the victim of a divided allegiance. Husband and benefactress persistently misunderstand each other, construe everything the wrong way, and day by day drift closer and closer toward open hostilities.

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Throughout the greater part of the book, the reader suspends judgment: on the one side we have the husband's frank avowal that he believes Madame von Marwitz to be a colossal egotist, eaten up with vanity, uncontrollably jealous, and deliberately scheming to undermine his wife's love for him, not because she cares for Karen, but solely because she cannot bear to see anybody once dominated by her escaping from her control. On the other hand we hear her side of the case: this heartless man, for no other reason than because he hates her, is trying to rob her of the one being in the world whom she loves, trying to put her completely out of Karen's life. The deep, contralto voice, like the note of some wounded animal, seems to boom loudly through the pages of the book, pouring her despair into the sympathetic ears of her throng of worshippers. Over and over the reader asks, Is she sincere or is she playing to the gallery? But not for a moment is there any doubt that the net result will be to alienate Karen from her husband. The husband has at last spoken his mind rather freely to the pianist, and she has cut short her visit at his home, and departed in great indignation to her place in Wales. Within twenty-four hours Karen follows her, only to be made slowly aware, after her arrival, that the final quarrel was simply one of Madame von Marwitz's many stage effects, a well-planned excuse for leaving London in order to keep a rendezvous with a youthful lover in the seclusion of the Welch mountains. For the final readjustment of the married couple, the reader must be referred to the book itself. But the important thing to know is this: that Karen is never for an instant, in any sense of the term, a heroine; on the contrary, she is always subordinate, a negligible person, of rather ordinary mentality, excepting in the eyes of her husband. Madame von Marwitz, from first to last, dominates the scene. When stripped of her veil, when seen as she really is, consumed by conceit, sensual, passionate, revengeful, stooping to the meanest cruelty to satisfy a grudge, she nevertheless holds to the very last the centre of the stage. Even in her final overthrow, she remains a sinister, but imposing presence, a colossal ruin.

"The Transformation of Krag"

A hero who for years lays his plans with something like a fiendish ingenuity, to accomplish the ruin of his wife's father, is the leading figure in the new novel by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., entitled *The Transformation of Krag*. It was at a party during the week of the graduation exercises of the local high school, that Jim Krag received the insult that he could not forgive. The party was given by Maisie Hacklette, whose father, a vulgar, ignorant, purse-proud man, annoyed at seeing his daughter dancing with young Krag, the son of a dress-maker, falsely tells the young man, before all the other guests, that his mother had once done their family washing and been caught stealing a silver spoon. The way in which Jim Krag systematically goes to work to get his revenge; his almost diabolical scheme for compromising the girl, and leaving no alternative excepting a prompt marriage; his unwearied midnight toil, to perfect himself both as a physician and a mining engineer; his abrupt departure to the interior of Mexico, with Maisie in his company,—all this is told swiftly and in a way to pique curiosity. It took him many months to learn the dialect of the Yaqui Indians, in between his duties as physician to a large company backed by American money; it took far longer to win the trust and friendship of the Yaquis. And all this while he was an intensely unhappy man, because, day by day, he saw more plainly the dawning fear in the eyes of the woman he had learned to love, who gradually had awakened to a knowledge that in some unguessed way he was planning an injury to her father. The sum and substance of his plan was this: there was a legend of a fabulous silver mine, known to the Yaquis alone; the Spaniards once thought they had found the secret of it, but their mine, rich as it was, had quickly worked out. This old, forgotten mine of the Spaniards, Krag rediscovered; the ore remaining in it being almost virgin silver, he easily interested old Hacklette, and induced him to sink the greater part of his fortune in it. Having done

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this, he quietly disappeared, and soon the news came that he was dead. Meanwhile he lived secretly among the Yaquis, gradually becoming a person of great importance among them, and always seeking to win from their chief the secret of the lost silver mine. The secret was simple enough: what had happened in some long distant age, was that a convulsion of nature had split the earth open, forming a gaping cañon,—and the missing continuation of the vein of silver was waiting to be discovered in the surface of the cliff on the opposite side of a turbulent river. Krag's revenge was complete; his father-in-law was on the brink of ruin from the failure of the mine, and he himself had untold wealth within his grasp. But a change had come over Krag; he had learned that a man cannot give some of the best years of his life ministering to the physical needs of others without becoming more merciful to his fellow-man. And that is the reason why Krag never consummated his revenge, and also why he could at last look into his wife's eyes and see them free from their former shadow of fear.

"Her Husband"

Her Husband, by Julia Magruder, is as much a trick as a clever acrostic or a dexterous manipulation of cards. It opens with the wooing of a vivacious and thoroughly charming young woman by a self-righteous and narrow-minded Scotchman amid the seductive surroundings of the Italian lake district. Apparently the book promises to be a psychological study in the rather hackneyed field of incompatibility; and, throughout the early months of the marriage, the constant clash between the young wife's instinctive demand for freedom of opinion and of action, and the husband's old-fashioned exactions and mortifying reproofs, are all conveyed to us with a good deal of subtle insight. Then comes the inevitable break, and the wife's voluntary desertion. An interval of some years follows, during which it is vaguely understood that the husband is travelling somewhere in the interior of Africa. Suddenly, the news arrives that he has returned home to his ancestral estate in Scotland. The wife, grown more tolerant through the lapse of years, writes, offering to return to him, and, being met in a spirit of conciliation, presently joins him. What is her astonishment to find a man so different in his treatment of her, so broad-minded and tolerant, so eager to meet her every wish, that he might quite literally have been born again. According to the unwritten ethics of reviewing, this is one of the books, the secret of which ought not to be betrayed; but the unfairness of the book's structure robs it of any right to such consideration. It is not until we reach almost the end of the book, that we learn that the heroine's husband had a twin brother, that the husband himself had for months been mouldering in a Central African grave, and that it was the brother who had taken his place. Now, it is one of the fundamental axioms of the mystery story, of whatever class, that the reader, looking back over it as he turns the final page, should be able to say: "I might have guessed how this was coming out, if I had only been clever enough." But no one on earth is clever enough to guess a solution which depends on a twin brother or a pink hippopotamus or some other Jack-in-a-box type of surprise, that the author has carefully neglected to mention up to the tenth page from the end.

"The Bauble"

The Bauble, by Richard Barry, is a rather light-weight book, which will probably bring a certain complacent satisfaction to such readers as are old-fashioned enough to share the present reviewer's disapproval of the suffragette movement. It narrates the consequences of an utterly absurd little quarrel between a prosaic New York business man, Arthur Rudd, and his wife, Constance. The quarrel is exceedingly well done; it might have been taken straight out of actuality. The best thing about it is its illogic, and the magnified importance of trivialities. It culminates in Arthur's sleeping, for the first time in his life, on the parlour sofa, while Constance sobs herself to sleep mistakenly convinced that the red mark on her throat was due to an intentional blow. The point at which the book begins to be incredible, is when, at noon

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the next day, she leaves the house, voluntarily separating herself, not only from her husband, but from her child, less than a year old, pawns her jewels and, utterly ignorant of the real significance of the movement, joins one branch of the Woman's Suffrage organisation. From this point on, the author's obvious purpose is to hold the whole movement up to ridicule,—and this he does with a thoroughness calculated to cause acute annoyance to its supporters and some mild hilarity on the part of those who oppose it. Of course, Constance learns her lesson and returns, duly humbled, to her worthy, if somewhat dull-witted husband. Nevertheless, as a transcript of life, this book cannot be taken seriously. It is a purpose novel, with the purpose wantonly and flagrantly sticking out,—so much so, indeed, that it rather annoyingly gets between the story and the reader.

"The Eldest Son"

The Eldest Son, by Archibald Marshall, is a rather exceptional book in more ways than one. It belongs to an intensely British type of novel, founded on British prejudices, British institutions, British laws of inheritance. Nevertheless, it makes its appeal just as strongly to the American as to the Englishman, because its theme, in the broadest sense, is not insular, but universal. Squire Clinton could not with fairness be called an abnormal or even an unpleasant man to know. He is merely a rather pigheaded, dictatorial man, with a warm vein of human kindliness hidden underneath a rough exterior. If Dick, his eldest son, had used a little more tact in breaking the news of his engagement to Virginia Dubec, widow of Sir George Dubec, and incidentally an American and an ex-actress, the consequences might have been very different. The few facts which could be construed to the discredit of Virginia were conveyed to the father by Dick's younger brother, Humphrey, who had everything to gain if Dick was disinherited. The book is really the story of a hot-tempered old man's desire to be reconciled with his favourite son without loss of dignity, and the admirable tact of a young woman, who, by her cleverness and generosity, helps him to do so. Yet, aside from its central theme, the book is eminently worth while for its abundance of character studies, characteristic, quaint, and interesting.

"The Long Green Road"

The Long Green Road, the latest volume by Sarah P. McLean Greene, is a loosely constructed and rambling story, in which characters barely have a chance to become interesting before they pass forever out of our range of vision. The hero, one of this author's typical rural New England types, has an inborn gift for painting; so unmistakable that a great American art critic endorses him and an American capitalist advances the money for the completion of his training in Paris. The book begins rather well, but, even on the ocean voyage, it takes our credulity, because we are asked to believe that the few sketches he makes of the ocean during those six or seven days so delight his fellow-travellers that he sells them then and there for twenty-five hundred dollars. The lad proves himself a good deal of an idiot, both in the way he wastes his opportunities of improvement in his work, and in the facility with which he falls in love, notably with a rather charming little lady of rank, whose relatives quite properly object and hurriedly remove her from sight, just as the book begins to promise something interesting. Our hero really does not grow up until he succeeds in unintentionally bringing about the death of his best friend and benefactor in a tragic accident. The rest of the book drags drearily to its end in the hero's native town; and apparently the author has lost interest in him almost as completely as the reader, because the concluding chapters concern themselves less with him than with the rescue of a subordinate character from habitual drunkenness. It is of course possible that the author had some definite purpose in mind when writing this book; but the present reviewer has groped for it industriously without succeeding in finding it.

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HOME-COMING

BY HERBERT HERON

The mountains call me home; I hear afar
The ocean pounding on the caverned shore.
I go. The flaming sun, the silver star
Mark out the road that leads me to my door.

But now I hear the sobbing of the pines,
And feel a coldness in the autumn earth.
The spectres of the past my soul divines:
They greet me at the door in cruel mirth.

The fire of joy is dead, and black the sky,
There is no light for one whose heart is blind.
I hear the sound of love go sweeping by:
I call; my voice dies out upon the wind.

This is the end. The shadows rise and fall,
And overwhelms me. God, that I might see!
Now they have gripped my heart, yet still I call—
Mocked by the echoes of eternity!

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

American News Company:
The Fighting Race and Other Poems and Ballads. By Joseph I. C. Clarke.

Published by Author:
Poems. By Samuel Loveman.

The Baker and Taylor Company:
Hard Labor and Other Poems. By John Carter.

Henry Frowde:
The Oxford Book of German Verse. From the Twelfth to the Twentieth Century. Edited by H. C. Fiedler, with a Preface by Gerhardt Hauptmann.

Longmans, Green and Company:
English Songs of Italian Freedom. Chosen and Arranged with an Introduction by George Macaulay Trevelyan.

Mitchell Kennerley:
Youth and Other Poems. By Charles Hanson Towne.

Shaemas O Sheel:
Quiet Places. By Carlos Wupermann.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:
The Dance of the Seasons. By Harriet Monroe.

Sherman, French and Company:
Beyond the Twilight. A Book of Verse. By George W. Harrington.
The Heart's Choice and Other Verse. By Henry Alexander Lavely.
In a Portuguese Garden and Other Verse. By Cara E. Whiton-Stone.
Songs in the Evening. By Emily A. Dinwiddie.
Songs En Route. By Hester Dickinson.

RELIGION

The Equity Press:
Christ's Christianity, being the Precepts and Doctrines Recorded in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as Taught by Jesus Christ. Analysed and Arranged According to Subjects. By Albert H. Walker.

Edwin S. Gorham:
The American Church Almanac and Year Book for 1912. Volume LXXXII.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:
The Four Faces and Other Sermons. By P. S. Henson, D.D., LL.D.

New-Church Board of Publication:
Religion and Life. A Year Book of Short Sermons on Some Phase of the Christian Life for Every Week in the Year. By Rev. Julian K. Smythe.

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The Pilgrim Press:
The Modern Man's Religion. By Charles Reynolds Brown.
The Making of the Bible. By Albert E. Dunning, D.D.

The Young Churchman Company:
The Living Church Annual and Whittacker's Churchman's Almanac. A Church Cyclopedia and Almanac. 1912.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Duffield and Company:
Later Letters of Edward Lear. To Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford), Lady Waldegrave and Others. Edited by Lady Strachey.
Maurice Maeterlinck: A Study. By Montrose J. Moses.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:
Henry Drummond: A Study. By Philip L. Jones.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
The True Daniel Webster. By Sydney George Fisher, Litt.D., LL.D.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Letters to William Allingham. Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier. By Thomas Nelson Page.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Grafton Publishing Company:
California: Its History and Romance. By John S. McGroarty.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
The Truth about Chickamauga. By Archibald Gracie.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:
In Northern Mists. Arctic Explorations in Early Times. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. (Two vols.)

EDUCATION

The A. S. Barnes Company:
The New Barnes Writing Books: Primer, Books One, Two and Three, and Teachers' Manual. By C. S. and A. H. Hammock.

The Columbia University Press:
Columbia University Lectures:
Scientific Features of Modern Medicine. By Frederic S. Lee, Ph.D.
Social Evolution and Political Theory. By Leonard T. Hobhouse.
Medieval Story, and the Beginning of the Social Ideals of English-Speaking People. (Columbia University Lectures.) By William Witherle Lawrence, Ph.D.
The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels, with Special Reference to Zadig. By William Raleigh Price, Ph.D.

Ginn and Company:
The Seven Champions of Christendom: A Legendary Romance of Chivalry. By Agnes R. Matthews.
An American History. By David Saville Muzzey, Ph.D.

Henry Holt and Company:
English Readings for Schools: General Editor, Wilbur Lucius Cross:
Macauley's Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. Edited by Frederick E. Pierce and Samuel Thurber.
Stevenson's Inland Voyage and Travels with a Monkey. Edited by Edwin Mims.
Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by Alfred A. May.
La Coja El Encogide Por Juan Eugenio Hartsenbusch. Edited with Introduction, Notes and a Vocabulary by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D.

The Macmillan Company:
Descriptive Writing. By Evelyn May Albright, A.M.
Selected Poems: For Required Reading in Secondary Schools. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Henry W. Boynton, M.A.

Scott, Foresman and Company:
First Journeys in Numberland. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lilian McLean Waldo.

E. Steiger and Company:
A Book of Programs. By Jane L. Hoxie.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:
Cap'n Warren's Wards. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Antiquarian Publishing Company:
Onawago, or the Betrayer of Pontiac. By Will C. Ludlow.

The Baker and Taylor Company:
Off the Main Road: A Village Comedy. By Victor L. Whitechurch.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:
At the Age of Eve. By Kate Trimble Sharber.
The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.
The Man in the Brown Derby. By Wells Hastings.

The Century Company:
The Haunted Photograph. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.
The Gods and Mr. Perrin: A Tragi-Comedy. By Hugh Walpole.
Flower o' the Peach. By Perceval Gibbon.
The Blind Who See. By Marie Louise Van Saanen.

The Charlton Company:
The Crux. By CharlottePerkins Gilman.

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The C. M. Clarke Publishing Company:
Jeremiah's Sammy. By Charles Sumner Gabriel.

Crown Publishing Company:
The Way. By Caroline Hull.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Eldest Son. By Archibald Marshall.
House of Torment. A Tale of the Remarkable Adventures of Mr. John Commendone, Gentleman to King Philip II of Spain at the English Court. By C. Ranger-Gull.

The G. W. Dillingham Company:
The Family: A Story of Forgiveness. From the Play of Robert Hobart Davis. By Edward Marshall.
The House on the Mall. By Edgar Jepson.
The Steel Crown. By Fergus Hume.
Red Money. By Fergus Hume.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
Abe and Mawruss: Being the Further Adventures of Potash and Perlmutter. By Montague Glass.
Danny's Own Story. By Don Marquis.
Strawberry Acres. By Grace S. Richmond.
The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant.
Sixes and Sevens. By O. Henry.

Duffield and Company:
Children of the Night. By Mary Hulbert Rogers.

East Side Publishing Company:
The Way of the Wind. By Zoe Anderson Norris.

Paul Elder and Company:
Tony's White Room, and How the White Rose of Love Bloomed and Flourished There. By Winifred Rich.

Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.:
The Men on Horseback. By Blanche Weitbrec.

Forbes and Company:
The Shadow Men. By Donald Richberg.

Funk and Wagnalls:
The Transfiguration of Miss Philura. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Harper and Brothers:
Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser.
Heart and Chart. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.
The Fair Irish Maid. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Comrades. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Beasley's Christmas Party. By Booth Tarkington.
Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet.
Jane Dawson. By Will N. Harben.
Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad.
The Pretender Person. By Margaret Cameron.
The Mansion. By Henry Van Dyke.

Henry Holt and Company:
Jean-Christophe in Paris, The Market-Place, Antoinette, The House. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan.
Janey. By Inez Haynes Gilmore.
The Mahatma and the Hare: A Dream Story. By H. Rider Haggard.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
In the Shadow of Islam. By Demetra Vaka.
A Country Lawyer. By Henry A. Shute.
Tarentella. By Edith Macvane.
A Safety Match. By Ian Hay.

Mitchell Kennerley:
Spiritual Curiosities. By Marion Cox.
When No Man Pursueth. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

The John Lane Company:
The Innocence of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.
The Harlequin Set. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.
The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By Gerard Bendall.
Pomander Walk. By Louis N. Parker.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
With Morgan to Panama. By Commander E. Hamilton Curry, R. N.
I Fasten a Bracelet. By David Potter.
The Far Triumph. By Elizabeth Dejeans.

Little, Brown and Company:
My Ragpicker. By Mary E. Waller.

The Macmillan Company:
The Jugglers. By Molly Elliot Seawell.
The Believing Years. By Edmund Lester Pearson.
South Sea Tales. By Jack London.
Mother. By Kathleen Norris.
Mothers to Men. By Zona Gale.
The Man in the Shadow. By Richard Washburn Child.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
A Garden of Paris. By Elizabeth Wallace.
The Smile of the Sphinx. By Margaret Bouvet.
The Quest of the Silver Fleece. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois.
Out of the Primitive. By Robert Ames Bennet.
My Lady of Doubt. By Randall Parrish.

Moffat, Yard and Company:
The Substitute Prisoner. By Max Marcin.

The Neale Publishing Company:
In Quest of the Aztec Treasure. By Arthur Howard Noll and Bourbon Wilson.

The Pilgrim Press:
The Man Who Missed Christmas. By John Edgar Park.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Love vs. Law. (Les Dames du Palais.) By Colette Yves. Translated by Mrs. Bradley Gilman.

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Fleming H. Revell Company:

Down North on the Labrador. By Wilfred T. Grenfell.
The Broken Wall: Stories of the Mingling Folk. By Edward A. Steiner.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Interventions. By Georgia Wood Pangborn.
The Outcry. By Henry James.
The Moon Lady. By Helen Huntington.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Red Swan's Neck: A Tale of the North Carolina Mountains. By David Reed Miller.
The Funeral at Egg Hill. By Leslie Clare Manchester.
Through the Narrows. By Myrtle Lelbee Roe.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Her Husband. The Mystery of a Man. By Julia Magruder.
The Loser Pays: A Story of the French Revolution. By Mary Openshaw.
The Incorrigible Dukane. By George C. Shedd.
The Marriage Portion. By H. A. Mitchell Keays.

Smith and Lamar:

In the Nantahalas. By Mrs. F. L. Townsend.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Great Adventure. By Louise Pond Jewell.

JUVENILE

D. Appleton and Company:

Charles Dickens and His Girl Heroines. By Belle Moses.
Finkler's Field: A Story of School and Baseball. By Ralph Henry Barbour.
On the Trail of Grant and Lee: A Narrative History of the Boyhood and Manhood of Two Great Americans, Based Upon Authoritative Information. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

J. B. Best and Company:

The Yankee Doodle Book for Young Americans. By Gertrude D. Optimus.

The Century Company:

Just Patty. By Jean Webster.
The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. By Francis A. Collins.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Wild Animals Every Child Should Know: Life Stories and Other True Stories of the Wild Cousins of Domestic Animals and Other Warm-Blooded Quadrupeds. By Julia Ellen Rogers.

Ana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox for 1911. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.
Perrault's Fairy Tales. Newly translated by S. R. Littlewood.

Paul Elder and Company:

Square Beasts and Curved. By George A. Harker.

Desmond Fitzgerald:

The Golden Spears and Other Fairy Tales. By Edmund Leamy.

Harper and Brothers:

The Jaunts of Junior. Verses by Lillian B. Hunt. Pictures by Arthur B. Phelan.
Tommy's Money. Adventures in New York and Elsewhere. By John R. Coryell.
The Young Lion Hunter. By Zane Grey.
The Young Alaskan on the Trail. By Emerson Hough.
Old Ben, the Friend of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs' Brother. By James Otis.
The Missing Pearls: Little Miss Fales Goes West. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe.

Henry Holt and Company:

Friends in the End. By Beulah Marie Dix.
Tom Strong, Washington's Scout: A Story of Patriotism. By Alfred Bishop Mason.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Dutch Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins.
Two Boys in a Gyrocar: The Story of a New York to Paris Motor Race. By Kenneth Kenneth-Brown.
The One-Footed Fairy and Other Stories. By Alice Brown.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Teddy and Lily's Adventures. By May Baldwin.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

The Boy with the U. S. Census. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The Macmillan Company:

Honey-Sweet. By Edna Turpin.
The Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Glittering Festival. By Edith Ogden Harrison.
The Scout of Pea Ridge. By Byron A. Dunn.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Neptune's Isle and Other Plays for Children. By John Jay Chapman.

The Pilgrim Press:

Little Animal Stories. Compiled by Francis Weld Danielson.
In Play Land. Compiled by Francis Weld Danielson.
The City that Never Was Reached, and Other Stories for Children. By Jay T. Stocking.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Peter and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie.
One Hundred Bible Stories for Children. By Robert Bird.

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Small, Maynard and Company:

Harmony Hall: A Story for Girls. By Marion Hill.

The Sultan's Rival: A Story for Boys. By Bradley Gilman.

The Young Gem Hunters, or the Mystery of the Haunted Camp. By Hugh Poindexter.

The Young Timber-Cruisers, or Fighting the Spruce. By Hugh Pendexter.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Dick Among the Seminoles. By A. W. Dimock.

Go to Sleep: Bedtime Tales that Soothe to Slumber and Bring Sweet Dreams. By Stella George Stern Perry.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Flying Boys in the Sky. By Edward S. Ellis.

The Flying Boys to the Rescue. By Edward S. Ellis.

NEW EDITIONS

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Collected Works of William Morris, with Introductions by His Daughter, May Morris. Volumes I to VIII. (Complete in 24 volumes.)

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:

The Three Kings: A Christmas Tale. By Emile Gebhart. Translated from the French of James Westfall Thompson.

Echoes of Petrarch: Sonnets of Love and Interludes. By George F. Butler.

The Birth of Roland. By Maurice Hewlett.

MISCELLANEOUS

Browne's Bookstore:

Joys of the Road: A Little Anthology in Praise of Walking. Compiled by W. R. B.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

We and Our Children. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

Duffield and Company:

Picture Plays. By Marguerite Merington.

Desmond Fitzgerald:

Man's Birthright. By Ritter Brown.

Government Printing Office:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1910.

Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds, for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1911.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The American People. Study in National Psychology. Volume III. By A. Maurice Low, M.A.

A Handbook of Health. By Wood Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

W. B. Huebsch:

Love and Ethics. By Ellen Key.

The Macmillan Company:

Biological Aspects of Human Problems. By Christian A. Herter.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Way of Peace. By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter.

Outing Publishing Company:

The Airdale. By Williams Haynes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Way with the Nerves: Letters to a Neurologist on Various Modern Nervous Ailments, Real and Fancied, with Replies Thereto Telling of Their Nature and Treatment. By Joseph Collins, M.D.

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:

The Morality of Women, and Other Essays. Authorised Translation from the Swedish of Ellen Key, by Namah Nouton Bothwick.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Librarian at Play. By Edmund Lester Pearson.

South-West Publishing Company:

American Oratory of To-day. By Edwin Du Bois Shurter.

Jokes That We Meet. Humorous Illustrations for the Writer, Talker and Speaker. Edited with an Index of Titles by Edwin Du Bois Shurter.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

The Elm Tree Press:

Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus. The Letters of Horace Presented to Modern Readers. By Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

History and Organization of Criminal Statistics in the United States. By Lewis Newton Robinson.

Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist: Early Writings. By Lafcadio Hearn, with an Introduction by Ferris Greenslet.

Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray, Together with Recollections by His Kinswoman. By Blanche Warre Cornish.

The Man of To-day. By George S. Merriam.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Memories and Studies. By William James.

The Macmillan Company:

Family Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated, Indexed, etc., by William Ashton Ellis.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Learning and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman.

Abraham Lincoln, a Lover of Mankind. An Essay. By Eliot Norton.

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The Neale Publishing Company:
The Cavalier Poets: Their Lives, Their Day and Their Poetry. By Carl Holliday, M.A.

The Pilgrim Press:
A Letter to the Rising Generation. By Cornelia A. P. Comer.

Sherman, French and Company:
The Authority of Might and Right. By A. v. C. P. Huizinga.
The Cambridge Backs: Being the Vacation Thoughts of a School Mistress. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:
Thais. "The Story of a Sinner who Became a Saint and a Saint who Sinned." A Play in Four Acts. By Paul Wilstach.

The Century Company:
A Gallery of Girls. By Coles Phillips.
The Story of French Painting. By Charles H. Caffin.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:
Opera Synopses: A Guide to the Plots and Characters of the Standard Operas. By J. Walker McSpadden.

Forbes and Company:
The Twelfth Christmas: The Christ Child's Revelation. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

Henry Holt and Company:
Embers with The Failures, The Gargoyle, In His House, Madonna, The Man Masterful: One Act Plays of Contemporary Life. By George Middleton.
The Wind-Band and its Instruments: Their History, Construction, Acoustics, Technique and Combination for Bandmasters, Bandsmen, Students, and the General Reader. By Arthur A. Clappé.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Portraits of Dante from Giotto to Rafael: A Critical Study, with a Concise Iconography, by Richard Thayer Holbrook.
The Musical Amateur: A Book on the Human Side of Music. By Robert Haven Schauffler.

Little, Brown and Company:
The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses.

The Macmillan Company:
The Choice: A Dialogue Treating of Mute Inglorious Art. By Robert Douglas.

The McDowell Press:
The Summons of the King: A Play. By Philip Becker Goetz.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Illuminated Manuscripts. By J. A. Herbert.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Other People. By Charles Dana Gibson.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:
Sherwood or Robin Hood and the Three Kings. A Play in Five Acts. By Alfred Noyes.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:
The Germans. By I. A. R. Wylie.

The Century Company:
The Man Who Likes Mexico. The Spirited Chronicle of the Adventurous Wanderings in Mexican Highways and Byways. By Wallace Gillpatrick.
Four Months Afoot in Spain. By Harry A. Franck.
The Changing Chinese: The Conflict of Oriental and Western Cultures in China. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani.

Henry Holt and Company:
Historical Research: An Outline of Theory and Practice. By John Martin Vincent.

Houghton Mifflin Company:
Broadway. By J. B. Kerfoot.
Touring in 1600. By E. S. Bates.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:
Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story. By William Harvey, F.S.A. Scot.

Little, Brown and Company:
A History of the American Bar. By Charles Warren.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By George Macauley Trevelyan.

The Macmillan Company:
France and the French. By Charles Dawbarn.
Studies Military and Diplomatic. 1775-1865. By Charles Frances Adams.
Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. By Clifton Johnson.
Peeps at Many Lands: Oceana. By Frank Fox.
The Motor Routes of England: Western Section. By Gordon Home (Assisted by Charles H. Ashdown).

James Pott and Company:
The Fair Dominion: A Record of Canadian Impressions. By R. E. Vermede.
My Italian Year. By Richard Bagot.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Heroes of the Nations Series: Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon. 1805-1815. By Ernest F. Henderson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
Spanish Sketches. By Edward Penfield.

Small, Maynard and Company:
The Log of the "Easy Way." By John L. Mathews.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Princess. Tennyson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. The Sad Shepherd. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cts.

Juveniles

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Read-Out-Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Pandora's Box. Mitchell. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) $2.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
3. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Revelations of My Friends. (Stokes.) 50 cts.

Juveniles

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

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3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.30.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.
2. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Ensign Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
2. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) $2.25.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.
2. Martin Luther. McGiffert. (Century Co.) $3.00.
3. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Forces in American History. Simon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. Thomas. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Handicraft for Handy Boys. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $2.00.
3. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) $2.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Aunt Hope's Kitchen Stove and the Girls Around It. West. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $2.00.
3. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Rover Boys' Series. Stratemeyer. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cts.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
3. The Men on Horseback. Weitbrec. (Fitzgerald.) $1.00.
4. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Happiness. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Aunt Jane Series. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cts.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. The Lockerbie Book. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.50.
3. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
4. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.80.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Enchanted Peacock. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Peace of Solomon Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cts.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) $2.00.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Now-a-Days Fairy Book. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $4.50.
2. Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods. Wagner. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
4. The Princess. Tennyson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. A West Point Lieutenant. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
2. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
3. A Gallery of Girls. Phillips. (Century Co.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Annapolis Series. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.20.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) $2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Measure of a Man. Duncan. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. The Book of Happiness. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Spell of the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. The Read-Out-Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.30.
5. Adrian Savage. Malet. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.

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3. My Own Story. Princess Louisa of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. The True Daniel Webster. Fisher. (Lippincott.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) $3.50.
2. Old Quaker Meeting Houses. Hayes. (Biddle Press.) $1.00.
3. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. In Chateau Land. Wharton. (Lippincott.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Billy Whisker's Series. (Saalfield.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In Chateau Land. Wharton. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
2. The Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with U. S. Census. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. A U. S. Midshipman in Japan. Sterling. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) $10.00.
2. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The Lure of the Garden. Hawthorne. (Century Co.) $4.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Reminiscences of James Burrill. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) $1.35.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
4. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

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JUVENILES

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Books by Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Captain at Fifteen. Coleman. (Appleton.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Memories of Two Wars. Funston. (Scribner.) $3.00.
2. Books by Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25-$1.50.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Social Pathology. Smith. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Last Lap. Knipe. (Harper.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco. McAdie. (Robertson.) $1.50.
3. California the Beautiful. Elder. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales Books. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Mollie Make Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.
2. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
4. Siegfried. Wagner. (Doran.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Now-a-Days Fairy Book. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright.
2. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Good Old Days. Bell. (McClurg.) 50 cts.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
4. When She Was About Sixteen. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Live Dolls in Fairyland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts and the Army Airship. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cts.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Fourth Watch. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. As I Remember. Gouveneur. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. The Sixth Sense. Brent. (Huebsch.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Elliott. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Optimists' Year Book. Marble. (Crowell.) 50 cts.
3. The Spell of Holland. Stevenson. (Page.) $2.50.
4. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cts.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	307
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	225
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35	174
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25	114
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	101
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	99

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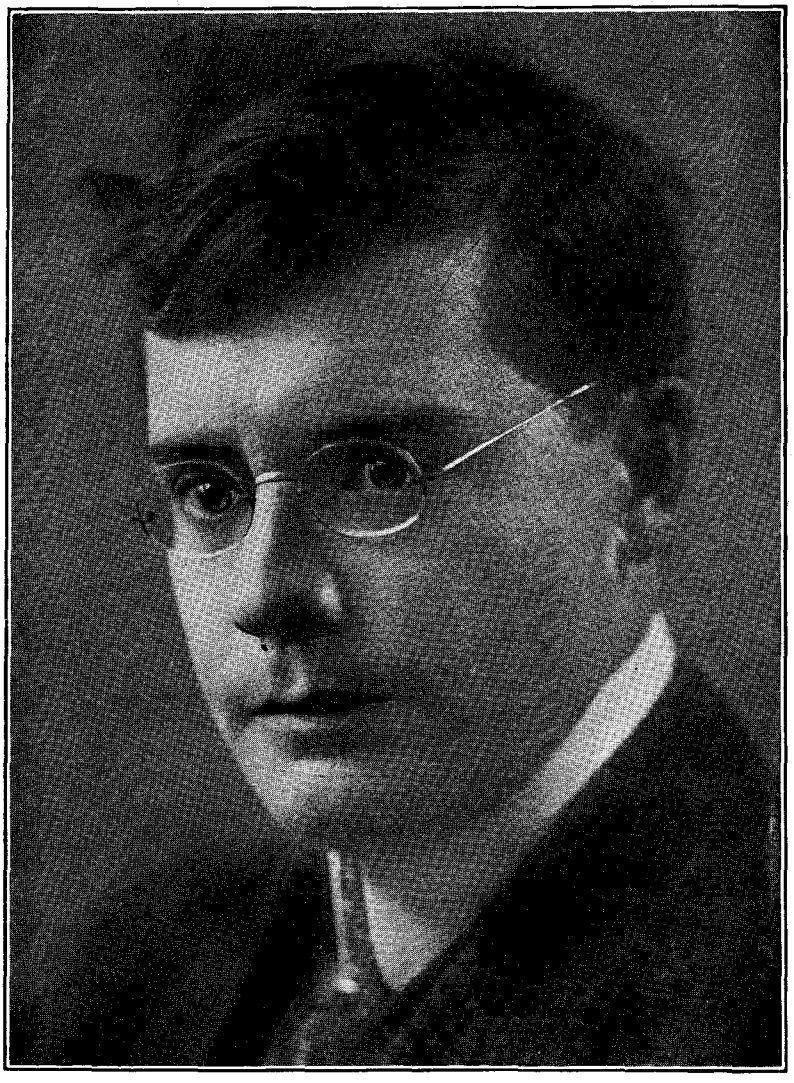

JEFFERY FARNOL

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. O. HOPPE, LONDON

AUTHOR OF
"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

PORTRAIT SERIES, NO. 300
THE BOOK NEWS MONTHLY
SEPTEMBER, 1911

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